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BATTLE LINES

Trudeau and Thatcher: who will stand down?



DONATO



LETTERS

Heroes of hype

I cannot help thinking of hypocrisy when I see how the American public has been whipped into an emotional frenzy in connection with the return of the hostages from Tehran (*Home Free*, Cover, Feb. 2). Here we see a group of healthy people coming off the plane in Algeria after 44 days of "treatment and torture" like they just won a hockey game somewhere. Let's not forget the emaciated and crippled Iranians we saw on TV, victims of SAVAK whose activities were "co-ordinated" from the American embassy in Tehran. For the United States press, not all of us mean for the national interest, to support this hoax is understandable, but why does our press, including your magazine, parrot the same propaganda without critical appraisal?

—GORDON HEDGECOCK
Prince Albert, Sask.

I am disturbed by the fact that the returning hostages have been labelled as heroes. What about the young men who fought in Vietnam? The positive they earned had been pain and heart ache that the hostages did in less than I would have to be one of the Vietnamese and have to see all the glory the ex-hostages are receiving. All the USA received was rejection. The Americans have blown the home hostage drama way out of proportion.

—SARAHBOURGH, Ont.

PASSAGES



MR. REMEDY, Suzanne Gault, 54, bludgeoned to death at her home in southern Mexico. A painter and sculptor, she was a native of the Gulf where much of her work was displayed. She founded the Perel Art Centre in 1968 with her husband, Italian painter Alberto Tozzari.

DEED: Cecil (Tiny) Thompson, 71, hockey star, goals, following a long illness in Calgary. The four-time Vezina Trophy-winner holds 62nd place in NHL statistics with 81 in a 12-year career. A 1968 Stanley Cup winner with the Boston Bruins, his latest defeat came in 1983 in a 1-6 game with Toronto, after 64 minutes of overtime.

DEED: Admiral Emil Splichowsky, 55, commander of the Soviet Pacific Fleet, in a plane crash on the Kamchatka Peninsula, took the lives of as many as 70 naval officers, including Vice-Admiral



Returning hostages: victims of chance

Role reversal

In past article Gold in the Ivory Towers (January, Dec. 9), you implied that the University of Toronto Library Automation System will catalogue the entire New York Public Library (NYPL) collection by computer. NYPL has, for many years, been computer cataloguing its own collection. Our role will be simply to print NYPL's catalogues from its own computer records. —E. HERBERT MORTON, December 17/18, Toronto

Back to the drawing board

I was dismayed by inaccuracies in the article *Black in Eggs and Butter* (Health, Dec. 10). The level of blood lipid cholesterol

test is still a good index of the risk of future heart attack in the population, while the much more difficult measurement of its substrates—high-density and low-density lipoprotein cholesterol, provide some further insight into the problem. Furthermore, individuals with very high levels of serum total cholesterol and low-density lipoproteins should continue to moderate their ingestion of food high in cholesterol and saturated fatty acids under the guidance of their physician. While higher levels of serum high-density lipoprotein cholesterol may offer some protection against risk of future heart attack, this does not negate the risk from elevations of other serum lipoprotein fractions.

—ALEX LITTLE
Project Director, Lipid Research Clinic, Toronto

A chance relationship

We cheered the recent judgment in the Becker case described in your article *A Sex Friend From the Judicial Bench* (Law, Feb. 2). The first landmark in the development of constructive trusts arose in the Appeal Court of Alberta with the Trauman case, which our firm handled. Our approach, as in the Becker case, was that it was simply a matter of chance that the relationship between the parties was husband and wife. In fact, it did not matter in the law of constructive trusts what the relationship was. We consider this a cornerstone of this new jurisprudence.

—NORMAN S. SIMONS,
Simons & Company, Edmonton

ral Vladimir Sabanayev and the fleet's air commander, Lt.-Gen. Georgy Pavlov Spiridonov, who began his career as a submarine commander. He credited with increasing the military preparedness of the Soviet fleet and improving the education and training of servicemen.

DISCOVERING: Ann-Frid Lyngstad and Benny Andersson, one-half of the Swedish pop rock quartet ABBA. Two years ago the other half of the group, Agnetha Fältskog and Ulfanne Ulfander, divorced, without slowing the momentum of the group's sales of more than 80 million records in the past six years.



DEED: Dee Dee Haley, 55, a founding father of rock 'n' roll, at his Texas home of an apparent heart attack. Haley and his band, The Comets, first tasted success in 1951 with a song called *Shakin' with a Rock*, and in 1955 a hospital was born to the tune of Haley's *Rock Around the Clock*. The three mo-

se for the film *Blackboard Jungle*. Rock sold more than 22 million copies and, though Haley's star was eclipsed by Elvis Presley, he is widely credited with starting the cultural revolution that is rock 'n' roll.



DEED: Dr. Charles Forquy, 59, chairman and chief executive officer of Teanagulf Inc., 50-4-per-cent-owned by the Canadian Development Corp., when a teanagulf-owned jetliner crashed on a flight from Toronto to White Plains, N.Y. Also killed were five other senior Teanagulf executives, the pilot and copilot.

DEED: Orville Hobbs, 38, in a Miami hospital of injuries sustained Jan. 10 when shot on assignment as a Newsweek magazine photographer in El Salvador. He had spoken from hospital of frustration: "There's always something to prove, either to other photographers or the editors." It's Catch-22. It's journalism."



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The right to survive

Farley Mowat is, in my opinion, the classic example of the irreplaceable regular writer who grows in on the field of the anthropologist. *The Fox Before the Cardinal* (Oct. 17) & A, Jan. 15) In his book *A Waste for the Killing*, Mowat turned on an isolated act of cruelty in an isolated community, magnified it into a dramatic global concern and created worldwide reaction. I can remember when as an ever-present threat in summer when they raised smoke for food and vandalized premises falling over. Kill them? Of course, if we ever got the chance. Otherwise a tangled mass of expensive old traps might mean a year's lost wages. The human race may not be the absolute or ultimate in cruelty, but at present it is the only one we have and it behooves us all to understand and cherish its variety and potential.

—A. B. CANNON
St. John's, Nfld.



Farley Mowat, moved on an isolated act

No wool over his eyes

In your article *The Party or the Principle* (Ottawa, Jan. 18), I liked the description of the federal Liberals' large Quebec caucus: "... an exemplar of a flock of sheep as ever guided at the feet of power." Mind you, that's what we have been saying in Quebec all along: that they were sheep, soiled that they were at the feet of power, not in power.

—LUCIEN SALTU
Quebec City

A difference of opinion

I have been reading *Maclean's* for some time now and never have been as reviled by an article as I was by Dana Smith's *Napoleon IV in the Making* (October, Jan. 18). Calling our prime minister a "tyrannical" dictator, Mr. Perrageau, Mr. Smith preferred leaving the man with the biggest gun control the street, a Iran. Implementing the War Meas-

ures Act, as Trudeau did in 1970, was the best decision that any leader could have made. Unilateral action as Trudeau's part is just what is required to bring back the constitution, with or without an ascending formula, to its rightful home—Ottawa.

—ROBERT G. TOSOR
Toronto

In his *Politics* column Denis Smith cut through the facade and showed the real Pierre Trudeau. Unfortunately, few are likely to take seriously his suggestion of Trudeau as a dictator. The use of the War Measures Act and wage and price controls and the resultant lack of any sustained outcry from both politicians and the electorate has led Trudeau to believe he can reason in his current soap d'etat. The Progressive Conservatives, instead of indulging themselves in

yet another family feud, will have to take the initiative and lead Trudeau back to the bargaining table. Should the rich fail Canada at this time, they deserve the political death that must await them.

—ORLAND KENNEDY
Stirling, Ont.

Column with a view

Allen Fotheringham's West Coast parochialism is showing badly in his column *Musqueam* in a *Real Mike* (Jan. 18). Mike Lavoie could have been his best example by lie of a "broader/more open-minded" and could have helped to prove that we Canadians are sometimes ahead of even the U.S., for better or worse. In your established national magazine, Fotheringham's column should be clearly identified as *The View From Vancouver*. If it were, it might help fill a vacuum by informing your Central Canadians about western events and perspectives.

—D. B. KROSA
Saskatoon, B.C.

Service satisfaction

We were delighted with your thoughtful article on the frustrated potential of our cable television industry (*The Tricks of Writing a Sleeping Giant*, Communications, Jan. 18). One slight factual error provides us an opportunity to reassure customers of our service. The average cost of existing cable service in Canada in 1980 was \$6.80 per month, not \$8 as stated in your article. It is our hope that basic cable rates will remain a bargain, affordable to a wide consumer public wishing basic services. Nothing will be removed from basic services. Canadian enjoy only now things added. The delays in launching Canadian subscription (pay) services have resulted, I feel, in pressures on basic service rates, and unless soon licensed could force basic cable rates upward for everyone.

—MICHAEL DAVIS-SMITH
President, Canadian Cable Television Association, Ottawa

Guilt by association

Yellow journalism. You "did a job" on Premier Lavoie (*A Little Help for His Friends*, Canada, Jan. 18). Above his picture your subtitle claims: "A web of intrigue, patronage and abuse of public trust is weaving in Quebec." With careful use of statistics, you have made Lavoie guilty by association. Such sinister tactics are worthy of the *National Enquirer*, not of *Maclean's*.

—CHRISTOPHER HOPPER
Longwood, Que.

Letters are edited and may be misquoted. Writers should supply their full name and address, and send correspondence to Letters to the Editor, *Maclean's* magazine, 412 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario, M5G 1A7.

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Troubled view from the sidelines

"Government policies are being shaped by bureaucratic megalomania"

By David Lewis

My belief that Canada is one of the greatest countries on earth is a sentiment I have expressed on hundreds of platforms across this land. And indeed Canada is. But a very troublesome trend is unfolding in Canada these days: centralism has become totally extensive and repression has gone wild. I consider it nothing less than sinister for a provincial premier to feel free to cut the amount of oil he makes available to the rest of Canada as a pressure tactic to force the central government to change its policies. When a member of OPEC used or threatened to use oil to force a consumer country to change its stance on an international issue, we did not hesitate to condemn it as blackmail.

It is equally intolerable for the prime minister to hold up the development of the tar sands as part of the same pressure tactic, knowing full well that his action is bound to hurt the country's future. Peter Lougheed's actions seem to be based on the premise that not only does Alberta have rights that derive from its ownership of the resource, but that other Canadians have no right to treat it as part of their country's wealth, thereby giving them a legitimate interest in it. According to this assumption, the resource might as well be located in one of the countries, as far as Canadians outside Alberta are concerned.

However, my criticism of Lougheed's actions is not for a moment to be taken as support for the Trudeau government's behavior, or its budget. Indeed, as I have watched the federal government's authoritarian behavior with regard to the constitution and to the energy question, it has seemed that its policies were being shaped by bureaucratic megalomania rather than by political wisdom—at a time when humility and wisdom were urgently demanded by the delivery of the relationship.

Yet politics and policies aside, the question remains: what are the rights and interests of Canada as a whole with respect to resources located in, and owned by, the provinces? Although I accept as desirable the growing power of the provinces and their increasingly important role in the decision-making process, I reject the notion that ownership of a resource gives the province exclusive control over every aspect of it. The resource is also part of the country's wealth, and when the national interests of all Canadians are involved it is not only the right, but the duty of the federal Parliament and government to protect those interests. This may involve the pace and direction of development; it certainly involves the price to Canadian consumers, which has a direct effect on the cost of living and on the entire economy.

Nor is it possible for me to accept the notion that federal taxes on corporations should be confined to the income tax

as profits or that they should be limited in any other way. The major purpose and duty of the federal authorities is to remove regional disparities and to promote equality across the country. Unfortunately, until now governments have failed in this duty, but this surely makes tax reform more urgent as well as more burdensome. The province of the 19th Act that states that the Parliament of Canada has the authority to raise money "by any Mode or System of Taxation" must not be watered down. Indeed, this area will become more important if, as seems likely, the constitution is amended to give the provinces the right to impose indirect taxes on natural resources—a right they have not had hitherto.

To insist that the areas mentioned above be retained for the Parliament and government of Canada is not to interfere with the powers of the provinces in the ownership and the development of their resources and their economies. It is merely to assert that all Canadians should share in their country's wealth wherever it may be found.

Western Canadians smart whenever they hear this assertion about sharing. And who can blame them? For more than a century their legitimate grievances and pleas have been ignored. They have suffered from tariffs, freight rates and from the concentration of economic strength which benefited Central Canada at their expense. Now that their natural resources they enable them to build stronger, viable economies, they are asked, or even forced, to make sacrifices for the rest of Canada to a degree that had not been extended to them.

I think I understand their anger and frustration, but they should rethink the system, governments and parties, responsible for the past, not all Canadians. Nor will the future welfare of Canadians be protected if the federal institutions are considered weak and ineffective.

History has taught us that no matter how carefully rights and powers are codified, there is often disagreement about the precise line dividing jurisdiction. We have also learned that it is not uncommon for declared federal interests to collide with provincial objectives. These essential areas of possible disagreement and conflict demand a genuine co-operative federalism of negotiation, accommodation and compromise. Unfortunately, it is precisely these imperatives that have been lacking in recent negotiations.

What worries me is the likelihood that any prolongation of insensitive centralism and narrow provincialism will render impossible co-operative federalism in the future. I therefore appeal to Trudeau and Lougheed to stop setting the fighting cocks and begin setting the responsible statesmen. I hope it is not too late.

David Lewis is the former leader of the New Democratic Party of Canada.



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The view from Canada's highest pedestal

The man who once ran Manitoba isn't even allowed to drive his own car

By Susan Riley

According to widely accepted rules of protocol, it is a fairly simple matter to determine if a government-general is doing a bad job. He needs only do or say something, awkward, non-appealing. He may, for instance, be too friendly to and with particular political party, be too show mild disregard, perhaps even an unbecoming levity toward the august position he holds or, even worse, the royal personage he represents, he may—and this is a cardinal error—make comments or criticism of substance on sensitive issues of the day. It is safe to report that in his first two years of office, His Excellency, the Right Honourable Edward Schreyer, has managed to avoid all those pitfalls.

What is more difficult to determine, of course, is whether or not a government-general is doing a good job. There have been two viceregal representatives in recent Canadian history who, by popular reckoning, have been exceptional—people who have won the affection of Canadians and made their names, great achievements, positions seem important. One is Pauline McGibbon, who recently retired as lieutenant-governor of Ontario after charming large segments of the population, the other is the late Georges Vanier, governor-general of Canada from 1959 to 1967, a man who, with his wife, Pauline, lent warmth and grace to the role. So far, Ed Schreyer, former Prairie farm boy and social democratic premier of Manitoba, has not gained entry into their illustrious company. In fact, despite his own tentative hopes and the flurry of positive publicity when he was installed Jan. 25, 1979, the news began that he was going to sweep through Rideau Hall has stirred up remarkably little cheer. On their *Shades of Blue* album, the Beatles sang: "Her Majesty's a pretty nice girl, but she doesn't have a lot to say." The same, sadly, might be said of her representative in Canada—although it is not entirely his fault.

It sounds, on the surface, like an ideal job: a \$48,000 salary, a commodious, if slightly officious, mansion in Ottawa (fully furnished), an 88-acre estate with tennis courts, skating and curling rinks, croquet pitch and sugar maple, servants and a fully staffed kitchen, unlimited free travel, an opportunity to meet the Queen and other notables, and, for those whose tastes run in this direction,



Schreyer, dancing with Lily, at a steep price to play in personality and opinion



an endless supply of French pastries and *croques de champagne*. But the price for all this is intrinsically steep: the complete suppression of one's own opinion and the raising of one's own personality. The governor-general because, in fact, a living symbol—a difficult role for most mortals, never mind a 58-year-old westerner who has been a successful, active politician most of his adult life. The man who once ran Manitoba is now not even allowed to drive his own car.

Critics may aver that Ed Schreyer

never had much of a personality to suppress, but that does the man a disservice. He is not a dynamic leader but he is a man of learning, civility, tolerance and subtlety. He carefully admits that his current job "could be boring," but claims it isn't—partly because it gives him ample time to read, but mainly because of all the travelling it has allowed him to do. Last year Schreyer logged an incredible 315,931 km, and his career total for communication visited in hovering around the 145 mark—inside and outside Canada. In fact, the governor-general—who takes his family with him in the summer—spends between 60 and 65 per cent of his time outside Ottawa, a statistic that may say as much about Ottawa as about him. Despite the polite disclaimer, Ottawa has long known that life at Rideau Hall has not been antiseptically bliss for its occupants. Even the viceroy Lily, Ed's 43-year-old wife, admits that first year "was an adjustment."

First, the two eldest children, being normal teen-agers, missed their boy-friend, Lily missed her friends and family, and both Schreyers had mixed memories of living in Ottawa from 1965 to 1969 when Ed was a young Mr. Then, shortly after they had moved in, while Lily was showing a visiting CBC film crew around the family's private quarters, she pointed to a living room and said it was her "frying closet." This led to stories that she was fed up with Rideau Hall and wanted a room of her

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own—as apartment is nearly downtown Ottawa. Those stories made the newspapers and fed further speculation that the Schreyers' ill-mart marriage was strained. Lily says she still doesn't know where the storm started. "It all got out of proportion. All I wanted was a place to go now and assure for privacy, not even an apartment," Rose Christie, the Schreyers' longtime press assistant and a personal friend, says the marriage is more solid than ever.

Still, it is hard to understand how anyone with Lily Schreyer's warmth, wit and highly developed sense of fun can hold on to her mental health, never mind her marriage, within the narrow confines of life in Rideau Hall. She is not supposed to make jokes publicly, "especially with the press," she says. Laughter, while tolerated on certain occasions, is not encouraged in official functions, and certainly not subversive laughter—Lily's favorite kind. During the presentation of a new African ambassador at Rideau Hall's ballroom recently, a military aide standing behind Lily's high-backed chair started to cough and choke on the new ambassador dressed on white RD, sitting behind her is his high-backed chair. Instead respectfully and two rows of black suited diplomats spread each other the way passengers across the aircraft chamber. "I thought he was going to die on the spot," said Lily later, of the coughing aide, amusement chasing in her eyes. "I wanted to turn around but I was afraid I'd start to laugh."

Lily maintained her own health and humor throughout the trying first year—when she, Ed and five-year-old Tobias all went to hospital within weeks of one another for minor ailments—by having frequent bouquets of Rideau Hall. Not that Rideau Hall is an easy place to make "bouquets." It is a gorgeous but lifeless, resembling nothing more than one of those old city hotels—guest rooms with hard chairs, drily curtained and period furniture. The family spends most of its time in Lily's downstairs office, a large pastel room with skates, ski jackets, toys and games scattered about the tasteful bric-a-brac. The "family"—Lily, 18, Samuel, 17, Jason, 12, and Tobias, 8—nearly always includes others, the days a stream of ten-spread from nearby universities and press secretary Christie, a faithful family retainer, who lives in at Rideau Hall. So, naturally, don't Ruggie, a longed-for call-out, long-haired dog the Schreyers are raising for friends in Bolivia. Not in fact, Ruggie is indisputably the least impressed of all by his boss surroundings. He was lying under Ed Schreyer's desk in his warm wood-outlined stool recently while His Excellency gave a press interview. Suddenly, Ruggie stood



Schreyer with the Queen; Lily: not to joke in public, especially with the press



up, began to howl, then vomited on the tactfully muted green carpet right under the viceregal dais. Schreyer covered himself, led the dog to the door, returned with towel and, after tussling it over the offending public, politely resumed the interview.

His view of his own job seems to have changed subtly since he took over two years ago. Back then he talked about being a spokesman for national unity and energy alternatives, of taking a more activist role. Now he says the most important aspect of the job is the firefighter part; he has to be ready to step in in a "worst case" situation, if a prime minister dies in office or a government collapses. Meanwhile he does govern-

ment, ceremonial things he welcomes new ambassadors, leads out swarms makes diary speeches about "sharing" or "Canada's great future." The speeches are drizzly because they rarely contain anything new or fresh, they are cautious in the point of inform, the Schreyers' interest in the topics—particularly energy—is genuine. "In the last 10 years, for reasons I can't fully explain, I've felt driven to work being done by engineers and those involved in scientific research," he says. His efforts it might sound "odd," but for him one of the best parts of his new job is a chance to visit Ottawa's many scientific libraries, to meet with experts from the National Research Council and the Canadian Combustion Research Laboratory, to visit the national air photography collection. Schreyer is, in fact, a voracious gossip. He says it is "in fact, a serious gossip" but he also has a habit of actually sitting in at various scientific conferences instead of just reading the opening speech, then disappearing. He has also commandeered one side room at Rideau Hall for his topographical maps and charts, and his recreational reading: scholastic studies on bee functions and movements in the Arctic.

It is hardly earth-shattering, but Schreyer's main break with tradition is that he has been travelling more than his predecessors, both outside Canada and within. In May he is going on a three-week Scandinavian tour. Schreyer, at heart of state rather than head of government, has no power to concede protest, make trade agreements or even conduct official business, and in an inflation-ridden world his trip may seem more than a little frivolous. True, External Affairs Minister Mack



MacGillivray will accompany the party for a short time, as will some Canadian businessmen, who will pay their own way. But the rationale for the trip—"enhancing relations between countries"—is robust of his admitted Jewish. Not that Schenley, by temperament or past history, one to play fast and loose with public funds, it isn't in his carnal, responsible nature. But he is very much a passenger on this trip, which is being arranged by diplomats at the department of external affairs and by Robson Hall's real master, Edmund Butler, the career civil servant who is Schenley's secretary.

Butler, who has served every government since Vincent Massey (1950) to 1988 in a square-jawed model of official rectitude. "The government's role is essentially public relations, and that is what this trip is about," he says. So far these trips have attracted little attention, or outside, largely because the C's office is roundly ignored by the media and Parliament. "We have attracted far less criticism than the Queen, the monarchy," says Butler. During the early days at Robson Hall, Schenley was said by friends to have bristled slightly at Butler's inattention as tradition, but it seems very much these days so if, in a sense, the bureaucracy wins out in the end.

With the blind authority that this sort of pamphlet masters, the official guidebook of Robson Hall makes the flat declaration: "The Crown is an important symbol of unity in Canada and of the continuity of her institutions and national life." In fact, many people would make just the opposite point—that the Crown is one of our most potentially divisive symbols. Early in the constitutional debate, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau started at charging the role of the monarchy is the new constitution. The outcry was so ferocious that he immediately dropped the idea. But what is interesting isn't that there is still a strong vein of monarchist feeling in the country it is that an elected prime minister would be bold enough to even propose such a change. What is equally noteworthy is that Canadians so tolerantly spend more than \$2.5 million a year maintaining Robson Hall and its courtyard, housing parties for foreign dignitaries and thousands of ordinary Canadians, sending a likable man and his likable family coast to coast, making speeches as thin as water.

Perhaps Trudeau—whose political instincts cannot be gained—wonders that, apart from noble monarchists and self-monarchists, many Canadians harbor a feeling for the Queen and her earthly representative that more closely resembles friendly tolerance than profound, obedient respect. ☐

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The economic tide turns in America's backwater

Dreams of prosperity for Washington County ebb and flow



By David Folster

Tucked away in the easternmost corner of the United States, Washington County, Me., is, in a phrase from an Emily Dickinson poem, "where the place called morning lies." It's that section of the U.S. East Coast that sees the sun first, the place America begins its day.

But while the sun comes early to Washington County, figuratively speaking (it hasn't often shone on the county before, geography and political indifference have conspired to make the area an economic backwater, a forgotten piece of America. A few dozen kilometers south lies that "other" Maine coast—the rockbound, affluent coast of the tourist brochures and the state's eye, overlooked by Bar Harbor, favorite haunt of million "summer people," and by Camden, in every respect the model Yankee small town right down to the waterfront extending into its snug yacht-filled harbor. Says a Washington County resident: "The maps sort of stop at Bar Harbor. Any tourists who come this way are usually headed for Camden." Dreams of economic salvation ebb and flow in the county like the precipitous tides of adjacent Passamaquoddy Bay, an offshoot of the Bay of Fundy. In the 1890s, an electricity-generating Passamaquoddy Tidal Project was supposed to launch the millenium in the county, but despite the strong backing of U.S. President Franklin Roosevelt, who summited on New Brunswick's nearby Campbell's Island, the venture collapsed. Recently, a plan by the giant Pittman Company of New York to build an oil port and refinery at Eastport, on an island at the tip of a peninsula jutting into Passamaquoddy Bay, was likewise supposed to rescue the county from obscurity. But again, the reality may be something other than the dream.



At first glance, Eastport looks like it could use some help. Along the town's main drag, Water Street, black stone-

frogs store up at regular intervals, and in the front yards of the fine white-painted old homes up the hill from the waterfront, red axon signs sprout like early crocuses. Eastport once had 17 fish-packing plants and 5,000 residents. Today it's still called the city of Eastport, but only two fish plants remain and the population has dwindled to 5,000, nearly half of them returnees. "Anybody who has lived in Eastport for a long time really knows how to survive," declares George Leitch, principal of Shad High School, who moved with his wife, Barbara, to Eastport from Kinko in 1971. "It's certainly not a cosmopolitan place, but the people here are very nice."

Their economic woes notwithstanding, they are also resolutely independent folk—as the Pittman Company has discovered. Pittman arrived in Eastport in the late 1990s with its plan to haul in Middle East crude, process it in a \$500-million refinery, then ship the oil to the rest of New England. Though earnestly enmeshed in the project of turning an oil refinery planned in these midlands, most Eastporters initially went along with the scheme, at least, they

Charming Eastport (left); editor French (bottom left) and map of area; a feeling of being left out



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Lehigh: people here are very nice

to outsiders. "We just don't raise that many chemical or electrical engineers or computer experts in Kootenai."

What has most pleased opposition to Pittman, however, is the threat the project poses to the environment, and here opponents have the fervent support of two Canadian governments. To reach the refinery site, supertankers must pass through a stretch of Canadian water called Head Harbour Passage. Because the passage is narrow and treacherous, both Ottawa and Fredericton have vigorously opposed the Pittman plan, asserting that an oil spill would be catastrophic for New Brunswick. Ottawa has gone as far as to declare it would prohibit tankers from the passage.

But still Pittman boggles on, quietly acquiring land and building its way through a web of lawsuits and regulatory hearings. The company does not seek to divide and conquer as much as it does to grind and reduce. Typically, after the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) refused a waste discharge permit for the project, Pittman appealed and, last month, the EPA decided to reconsider the permit request.

Other hurdles remain, but given Pittman's tenacity, each forward step inevitably stirs a new maneuver among the project's opponents—including the editor of the local townweekly paper. The *Quoddy Times* Wilfred French, a Cornell University graduate and wife of a local physician, publishes a truly interesting paper—it's typed on Derr Island, N.B., printed in Maine, and carries news from both sides of the border. Every other Friday French puts in her car and personally delivers the latest *Quoddy Times* edition to stores in her coverage area. "It helps

keep you in touch," she says. As for the Pittman project, the editor suffers no illusions. "I'm not for it at all. I mean, putting something like that on this little island? Gosh!"

To comprehend the feelings of the residents of Kootenai, one must drive from downtown to another part of town called Quoddy Village. Here, in a complex of streets and aging wooden buildings, lies the last village of F.D. It's a Pannamunddy island power. Quoddy Village was created to house the project's workers. Today, some of the buildings have been bought and refurbished by homeowners and entrepreneurs, but others have decayed or burned to the ground. Over-all, the scene underscores my manager Anne Musky's observation on political indifference: "I don't think you'll find anyone in Kootenai who doesn't feel he's been left out."

Still, there are compensations for living in an economic backwater. Rent in Kootenai is \$150 a month for a four-room apartment, and \$25,000 to \$30,000 will buy one of those fine old wooden homes. And at the Waco Diner on Water Street, patrons can still get a grilled cheese sandwich for 90 cents—or a full-course scallop dinner for \$4.

However, even amid the Pittman machinations, other job-creating activity is stirring. The waterfront is currently being redeveloped, and a new fishery is scheduled to be built this spring. Small health-care and housing projects are also on the boards, and at the nearby Pleasant Point Indian Reserve there is even talk of a new tidal power test project. "I think there's a lot more hope in Kootenai than there's been for a long time," says George Lehigh Sr., the place where marriage Ben, those days the sun is rising a little earlier—and brighter. ☺

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CITY SCENE

Toronto the fussy

There's a crisis in the kitchens of the city's restaurants

Torontonians love lunch. They get tired of it, fazed over it, courted, married and divorced over it. They do it standing up, sitting down and occasionally kneeling on cushions.

To accommodate this passion for eating out the Toronto Restaurant and Food Services Association, rates a whopping 40 per cent of the consumer's food dollar is now being spent dining out. Toronto is giving birth to about 39 new licensed restaurants each month.

"If we had looked at this situation 15 years ago, we wouldn't be in this mess today," says Brian Cooper of George Brown College's hospitality division.

The need for experienced restaurant help is so great that efforts to ease the shortages are currently under way led by restaurateur John Arena, who smelted trouble as long as nine years ago, a small group of business and restaurant owners has been lobbying hard at Queen's Park for additional funds to



New Percy House restaurant: It takes time to cook out the kinks.

There are now about 5,500 eateries in the city, offering everything from French food to fast food.

Staffing them is always not a problem, but staffing them properly is. Every new spot takes time to iron out kinks, from the maître d' who nervously tries his skills to waiters who aren't around when you need them. "Good people know they're in great demand," says Irene Matys, manager of the elegant new Percy House restaurant.

"There's a shutdown period of a month or so and they wait until the dust settles before making a commitment." But in the "hungry city," the real crisis is in the kitchen. A devastated dollar, tighter immigration laws and competitive wages at home mean the great chefs of Europe are becoming hard to find, drying up a traditional source of skilled labor and forcing technical schools here to seek out homegrown chefs at a rate no one anticipated five years ago. Toronto, reflecting the worst of a province-wide problem, gobbles up such new graduating chefs, burps softly and asks for

help up training in the hospitality industry. "Three years ago," says Cooper, "George Brown accepted 12 out of 15 applicants to its culinary management course. This year we enrolled 100 out of about 500 applicants." But the technical schools and even many colleges can only move so fast. "It's a war," says Tony Koldan, executive chef at the Sutton Place and Bristol Place hotels. "Our labor costs are getting very, very high. As the supply of good help becomes smaller, the price goes up."

Frank Bagnall, food and beverage director of the Windsor Arms restaurant group, notes "It's like when they executed the S&P, and then created the NYSE. The quality of hockey went down." Steve Arena, who can afford to pay the best at his exclusive Windsor's, recently watched a former employee leave away one of his cooks. "Good friends in this business are becoming hard to find. When someone steals your chef, you look at him differently."

But if there's trouble in the kitchen, Toronto's lunch bunch is hardly aware of it. After all, if one place doesn't pan out, there's always another new spot.

—CHERYL HANCOCK

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FOLLOW-UP

The cranes are flying again

The PQ's 'demise' is celebrated with a building boom



Montreal's Sulpician cemetery (above) / Head of Bell Canada's headquarters, environmentalists square off



struction skyline, however. While expensive condominiums are popping up, there is almost no construction of privately financed rental properties. Quebec's stringent new rent-control law simply makes apartment construction and management a losing proposition.

Meanwhile there is a shortage of office space despite the recent exodus of firms fleeing long-term legislation, taxes and political instability. Most departing companies left behind big Quebec branches and native Quebec business grew. Now there are a dozen major projects under way, only three of them government-funded. The largest already under construction is a \$170-million, twin-tower complex to provide new headquarters for Bell Canada and the National Bank of Canada. The fastest new name that will share from the skyline—Banque Nationale de Paris (Canada)—is also the owner of what will be the downtown's ghostly tower, a malfunctioning \$20-million fun house of blue mirrors.

The narrow saga of renewed real-estate is a scramble to finance construction of a \$50-million office building on the site of the old Laurentian Hotel, knocked down five years ago by Canadian Pacific's Marathon Realty Company to make way for what was to have been new headquarters. That project was scrapped and the land left vacant because of the 1995 election of the PQ. Bidders now take for granted the PQ's defeat in this year's elections. Said Martin's General Manager Alan Martinson: "The last election's renewed confidence in the city and the province and a general optimism about Canada."

—DAVID THOMAS

...cruse to her islands where whitewashed villages sculptured still in sleep cast their spell on all who come to seek...yesteryear

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CANADA

BATTLE LINES

A last, nasty price to be paid for a constitution

By John Hay

The head of mutton gathered up his diplomatic passport and slipped quietly out of Ottawa last week, summoned home on short notice for "consultations." Only by sheer chance, went the official line, was he leaving while External Affairs Minister Mark MacGuigan was investigating allegations of what he called "completely unacceptable" conduct by the diplomat. Equally coincidental was the announcement by the diplomat's own foreign office that he would retire early and be replaced this summer. It might all have been just another spat between the Canadian government and some Eastern bloc embassy. But the man is the diplomatic storm was British High Commissioner Sir John Ford, a career foreign office professional of apparently unsoiled record representing a country that still stands as one of Canada's best friends abroad. The constitutional debate which has wracked Canada for months had far just as long engendered worried murmurs in the encrypted diplomatic messages between London and Ottawa. Suddenly, though, the domestic struggle determined into a most extraordinary international incident.

Sir John's troubles began, unpredictably enough, when he met two New

Zealanders arriving angry at the summit to be greeted by an anxious host?



Democrat MPs at Governor-General Ild Schreyer's yearly skating party last month. By all accounts he asked them about aspects of the constitutional debate in Parliament and warned them of opposition in the British Parliament, which must ultimately vote on Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's package. Asked in the Commons about this "attempts to influence" MPs, MacGuigan startled his own officials by terming the alleged behavior unacceptable, if fact, and promising to investigate. Reaction among officials in both Canadian and British foreign services ranged from astonishment to squeamish shudders at



Trudeau, rolling out a suspension after an eruption of leaked cables?



My Fairly Responsive Lady

MacGuigan's terminology—usually reserved in protocol jargon for the most offensive breaches of ambassadorial protocol. Most mysterious to many observers was Sir John's supposed transgression, lobbying is partly what diplomats are paid to do—in the clearest possible way, of course. As Sir John himself noted, Canada's man in Washington, Peter Towe, is under open instruction from Ottawa to lobby American senators into ratifying a fishing treaty with Canada. Conjecture also

surrounds MacGuigan's so-called investigation, oddly, it has not included interviews with Sir John or any other British diplomat for their side of the story. There is, no doubt, a line between lobbying for one's country's interests and meddling in a foreign country's affairs. Sir John's predicament simply proves that, in the case of the constitution, the line is now indistinguishable.

What is being cooked in British circles "the Ford Factor" has had a distinct but perhaps short-lived impact on Canada-U.S. relations. Said one Canadian last week: "It has created a cloud." But off-

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Some blunt words from down home

While the constitutional affair long bored many Canadians, it is now a preoccupation topic throughout the land. A cross-Canada Macdonald survey last week indicates that although most Canadians may not fully understand the fine print, they are concerned about the broad strokes of Pierre Trudeau's 36-clause constitutional package. Canadians overwhelmingly disapprove of Trudeau's style and substance in the handling of the constitution, although they fundamentally agree with patriation. After that, there is more confusion than clarity in people's thinking—"It seems like something only lawyers can understand," said William Sutton, 73, from St. John's. Although many feel strongly that Trudeau should not run the patriation package through the Commons, they also feel that the premiers are playing political football. A number of Canadians also note that British involvement in Canada's destiny, while others feel sorry that Britain has been roped into the controversy at all. "On Trudeau—"I don't have any confidence in Trudeau to do this right. I don't like him and I don't trust him," said Yves Lamoureux of St. André-Riv. Que, while a softer tack was taken by Wally Hayward, a Halifax welder. "If you held a beer, you must have a crew to run it. We're a big coast now. Ottawa should have the major say." In the West, however, almost 90 per cent disagreed violently with Trudeau's actions. "You wonder how far he should push the country to get what he wants," said Fergie Fladager, a Regina high school vice-principal. Saul Calder's Rose Alford, administrator "He has turned a dead ear to a lot of things. The



Hayward's doubt must have a crew

stories about his becoming a dictator are coming true, and I'm a Liberal all the way." • On Britain's role—"I'm embarrassed for Canada's sake at this issue coming out in Britain," said Solnik, Man., businessman Lynnette Robertson. "We have no claim at all, while the British seem so cool." In Vancouver, Jeremy Ian Clague says, "The English will have to pass it—they don't want to jeopardize Anglo-Canadian relations" while across the country in Charlottetown, Don Stapleton takes the view that "If it was just patriation and an amending clause, the British should pass it. I think they are right to want to know what's going on." Nora Scotton was veteran Joe Brand says "Why not swap the whole thing? I don't think Britain will declare war on us."

• On the sovereign's role—"I basically side with the provinces," said Harold Hoffman of Regina. "But both sides are being sensible. I guess it's human nature." In Woodstock, N.B., however, barber Benjamin Goss is inclined to wonder, "What's the matter with our premiers that they can't get together?" While in Montreal, businessman Gilbert Desautels supports Trudeau "200 per cent" of the way. "With the powers" "It was a dead-end street he was going down in Newfoundland, where several rights are a heated issue, Marlene Côté of Fortane agrees with "Trudeau wanting to bring the constitution home, but it also agrees with Pickford on the offshore oil." Barry Pritch, a Keweenaw, Sask., farmer, on the one hand blames Trudeau for "botching" the whole thing, but in the next breath says that "Allan Blakeney is the only guy who can sit on the fence and have both ears to the ground." Says B.C. wasser Carol Robertson: "I'm bored with the process. They are wack a bunch of klutzes. Bennett is so embarrassing on TV I have to leave the room."



on both sides have struggled to repair any damage. "We still have extremely good relations," said another Canadian diplomat. "We're co-operating closely on the Western account, for example. It's amazing, actually, how we're getting along. I think we'll come out of this okay." In the British High Commission there is agreement that no lasting damage has occurred—yet. "But that time may come at a later stage of things go badly wrong." One sonoma dreads by both sides has Britain's Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's anger over the problems imposed by Trudeau just as she arrives here next July for the seven-month Western summit, at which Trudeau will be the last annual for success. Another has a belated Trudeau policy and a British scepticism to justify Canadians around his controversial constitution. One diplomat thinks MacGuigan has already "undergone a bit of Brit-baiting." One comes for hope, though, was the timing

House leader Francis Poir, deliberating with a local extraordinary incident



of the British announcement that Sir John will retire (at 58), to be succeeded by legitimate diplomat Lord Moran, now posted in London (see box). The early retirement—surprised because Sir John was 56 in Bahrain was extra security credits—had been carefully brushed off Ottawa by the British last fall, just so it would not be taken as an end to the constitution dispute. Public confirmation last week was taken by some Canadian officials as a signal Whitehall wanted to lower the temperature. Sir John's quick trip to London was also explained away: closed-door study by the parliamentary committee in Ottawa offered just the workable for Sir John to brief London on the latest amendments.

If he leaves under a cloud, what disturbs some diplomats more is the exposure of leaked cables from his Canadian counterpart in London, Jean Waddell Leslie, the arch-patriotic left of the 1950s—the partisan and grudges of factionism and affectation deep in the bo-

A lord to take care of his own

Lord Moran, who at 56 replaces Sir John Ford as Britain's high commissioner to Canada, is a well-known career diplomat, with a passion for fishing and bird-watching, who likes nothing better than getting away from it all to his cottage in the Welsh mountains. He also happens to be an ancestor, and a member of the House of Lords by virtue of the title inherited from his father, who was Winston Churchill's physician. The doctor was a notable equestrian in the best British tradition—known as "Cockney" Wilson, he was the Military Cross for bravery in the First World War and was decorated by his superior as something akin to a peer's title.

His combination of amiability, however, wider life and cool confidence was inherited by his son. Despite a privileged background of school at Eton and Kings College, Cambridge, he enlisted in the wartime navy as an ordnance seaman learning his trade from the bottom. He was commissioned and served with bravery in the British motor torpedo boats that died with the Luftwaffe in the English Channel. After the war he entered the British diplomatic service as plain John Wilson and proceeded to work his way up the ladder in the ordinary way. His ascent has been notable in that he deliberately shunned the newly European capital careers as the inner circle.

His first overseas posting, in 1948, was to the Turkish capital, Ankara,

renewing Canadian officials were sure the leads from their own ranks were meant to embarrass Ottawa and Waddell, and said they had been worried so as not to show that British authorities actually agree with Trudeau on how to handle the constitution. In fact, the content of the leaked cables only reveals the obvious, that Waddell is working at least as hard at lobbying politicians as Sir John ever did. The provocative reference to possible phone taps "by notably equipped countries, including certainly Britain, France, the U.S.A. and the Soviet Union," was not

so much offensive as needless. External's staffers hardly have to remind each other to mind their mouths, a note on every departmental phone book warns that "classified information shall not be discussed on the telephone."

In Parliament, meanwhile, the constitution committee thrashed out its final report behind closed doors and submitted the results in accordance with government-approved amendments for final debate in the Commons and Senate. Outnumbered by



Ford and Moran, lobbying in Canada as Canada's diplomats lobby abroad

That year he married Shirley, a member of the Bournemouth family. Two years later came a stint in London in the Foreign Office, where the new role was just establishing itself and British diplomats were at the bottom of the popularity stakes. Later he went to South Africa in the wake of Harold Macmillan's famous "word of change" speech when, again, the British were not particularly loved. He saw a good deal of the racial African hinterland and was there in the era of Ian Smith's proclamation of unilateral independence (U.I.) in Rhodesia.

Wilson's promotion to head of the West African department in Whitehall brought a hiatus break to his career as the first "flying ambassador"—based in London. This was a posting as head of the British mission in the independent, desert republic of Chad—score of the recent intervention by the Lybians in a war that was already starting then. Wilson decided he could best field that tricky job by assigning himself as ambassador to Chad, while remaining department chief for West Africa and flying out to the far-flung title capital, a former Foreign Legion post, from time to time. Somehow it that period he

managed to write the book that won him the Whitbread Award of 1970 and is now accepted as the definitive biography of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, British prime minister from 1905 to 1908.

It was in Lisbon in 1977 that Wilson learned of his father's death and was transferred into the second Baron Moran, and last year came the episode that confirmed the family tradition for quiet bravery. The Portuguese prime minister was going to visit Margaret Thatcher in London but never got to 10 Downing Street because his car was involved in a crash on the express way rushing from Heathrow airport. Moran, in the same car, appeared to have escaped injury. While the prime minister was revealed home to Lisbon, Moran served on for the next three days escorting the Portuguese foreign minister to all the London engagements. Only after he had vanished to his Welsh cottage did it emerge that Moran had suffered several cracked ribs and was in constant pain, barely strapped up, as he made his official rounds. He has forbidden any mention of this in his official biography because he "hates fuss." —PATRICK KENTLEY

Albert abbotler Stokes coming live



How to stay a virgin in bed

Providence has not only smiled on Ed Broadbent during his nearly six years as leader of the federal New Democratic Party—it has positively beamed. He has consistently scored in opinion polls as the most likable, most trustworthy of the three federal leaders, he is generally ahead of his party in public appeal, and, just last week, the latest Gallup showed a three-point gain for the NDP in popular support (now 33 per cent) since December—again, under Ed Broadbent's highly visible leadership. Yet his party's position on the constitution—in bed with the Liberals but, he claims, still virginal—has caused him more personal anguish than any other political issue and it came the first cloud over an otherwise sunny career.

The difficulty stemmed with Broadbent and the federal party's support for Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau as champion in Saskatchewan, where NDP Premier Allan Rock had been elected and did not back the Liberal's constitutional package. There is a visceral anti-Trudeau, anti-federal feeling in that province and, as it comes in many rural communities, a politically astute understanding of the nuances of the current constitutional debate. "The Tories are our only opposition out there and they keep shouting that we are in bed with the Liberals—what else can people conclude?" asks one worried New Democrat. "Some are so worried that they're up in arms with the 10 members of the Ottawa caucus and with Ed Broadbent and go against the Trudeau resolution when it comes to a Quebec vote in a few weeks. One in Simon de Jong, an articulate 58-year-old Saskatchewan farmer from Regina. He says as many as five of his colleagues may bolt him: De Jong says that while he has some objections to the content of the Trudeau resolution, what really worries him is potential damage to his party's reputation and future in the West. "The Trudeau resolution is the worst thing I've ever seen of the spectacle of us coming up to the Liberals, they have demonstrated themselves to be steady in so many ways."

Another criticism of Broadbent himself—most he obviously knows—is that he, like so many of the Liberals' side too quickly when Trudeau unveiled his resolution last December and is now stuck without much room to negotiate. De Jong says Broadbent should have offered the Liberals only provisional approval until he discussed the matter with his caucus and the party in the democratic tradition of the NDP. Already Broadbent is in the anchor-

Broadbent and de Jong: a pair that worse revelations are still to come

istic position of having to make his attacks at Trudeau's caucus deadline in London, and there is real fear within the NDP caucus that the worst revelations about Liberal backlogs are still to come.

Another man in as acutely uncomfortable a position is Louis Nyström of Saskatchewan, the NDP's early-bred constitution critic and a key player in the recent televised hearings. Early on, Nyström promised the NDP would introduce an amendment that would guarantee French courts and legislative review to Quebecers—so-called "official bilingualism." This, he argued, would only rectify an historic injustice by giving 200,000 Franco-Ontarians the same rights enjoyed under the BNA Act by Anglo-Quebecers; it would be a real, as opposed to rhetorical, concession to those who voted "no" in the Quebec referendum. But during the five days of the hearings, Nyström and his party backed away from their promise after quickly jockeying with the Ontario New Democratic leader Mike Cassidy's office. Cassidy, facing what a number of NDPs say promises to be an ugly election campaign in Ontario—voting day is March 18—didn't want to have to defend what Premier Bill Davis would portray as a federal "apportionment of blanket bilingualism on Ontario. Since then the usually accessible Nyström has been lying low, while some rank-and-file New Democrats, particularly in eastern Ontario, are privately calling their party's step-down a moral relapse. The New Democrat tiny Quebec wing is so disgusted that there have been calls for a leadership review.

But despite the storm clouds, Broad-

bent doesn't seem to be facing any serious leadership challenges—at least, not yet. There is a lingering uneasiness in some corners that an undercurrent—Broadbent is from Oshawa, Ont.—is brewing a federal party that has 56 western MPs and only six from the East. But his affable manner and reputation for honesty and hard work have earned him a strong respect across the country. There are no indications of any deepening of the left-right split within the party like the one that broke it to its roots about 30 years ago when the Wolfe movement was at its peak. In fact, the left (such as it is) seems to have lined up, if uncomfortably, behind Broadbent as the constitutional issue—if only in hopes of getting a much-improved charter of rights passed into law. Nonetheless, the party's annual convention in Vancouver this July—spread the time the constitution is supposed to be finally ratified—promises to be one of the liveliest in recent memory. There will be long queues at all the microphones, and Broadbent and his Ottawa troops will have a lot of fast talking to do. "Nothing has troubled me for such a prolonged period, to be perfectly honest about the whole thing, so the internal divisions in the country on the constitution," Broadbent said last week. "Most political problems have no easy answers. Let me say this in the most offhand one I have ever confessed." For Broadbent, his party and the country, it's not over yet.

—SUSAN HARTY

Was also from Donald Gutterman in Vancouver



Liberals, the opposition could do no more than harry the Grits on side issues—biffing a Liberal play to list every group that testified in favor of a charter of rights, for instance. With the NDP supporting the government (see page 24), the Tories were left to draft a dissenting report for release this week. Declare the Conservatives. "The proposed resolution is politically and perhaps ideologically flagrant because it ignores Canada's federal nature." The Tories look likely to try to exhaust the government into breaking down—bringing public disfavor upon the Liberals that would reflect well on Joe Clark at the very moment he faces a leadership test at his party convention at the end of the month. Committee co-chairman Senator Harry Blair predicts quick action in the Liberal-dominated upper chamber. "We're a long way from the backroom facilities and looking at the age of some of the members in the opposition benches, I'd say we'll whip 'em through pretty fast."



MacGulgan and White, Premier Stirling Lyon, a tale of barbed lions

months over content said, the central issue is the so-called parliamentary debate will again be the propriety and legality of Trudeau's constitutional operation—what former Conservative leader Robert Stanfield and others have called a sovietized coup d'état. So poised in the whirling and snarling of editorial welters lately, a word battle might well ask why the British should be taking in

this fight and whether the feds are trying to achieve in London what they could not by meeting the provinces. Framed in legal language, these questions were raised by robust barristers in the Newfoundland Court of Appeal last week in the second of three cases brought by the provinces against the Ottawa initiative. Already successful in Manitoba, the provinces asked the Newfoundland judges to find that there is a binding convention requiring Ottawa to

Canada's national editorial paper

Nobody has ever accused Roy MacGregor of missing words. But in London when he called Pierre Trudeau "smacking, sneering, and fraudulent," even MacGregor's friends were surprised at the violence of his attack. Others further removed from his personal circles showed his surprise in the language that at the close of the month of the publisher of Canada's self-styled "national newspaper," *The Globe and Mail*. "I did it because I feel very strongly about what Trudeau's constitutional package is doing to this country," said MacGregor, 44, who has been in the paper since 1975 after four illustrious years as a corporate executive at the Toronto Star. "It's tearing Canada apart."

Seldom since the 1870s, when George Brown (then editor-publisher of the Toronto Globe) helped defeat the Conservative government of Sir John A. Macdonald by uncovering the Pacific railway scandal, has a Canadian member of the House of Commons so strongly assumed the stance of advocate. Last week, in a series of government monthlong Liberal Senator Keith Dewar aimed at settling the score. Commenting on MacGregor's speeches—delivered to an all-party group of British MPs and to the members of the Royal Commonwealth Socie-



MacGregor, a generative, not a reactor

ty—Dewar said, "They constituted the worst attack on any prime minister in all my years." Working up his righteous indignation to a pitch peculiar to politicians, Dewar declared, "Extraordinary in our view is not a quality which should be cultivated by the publisher of Canada's national newspaper."

Although MacGregor was chastised, he was not contrite. Dewar's remarks were duly printed in *The Globe* the following

day—along with more excerpts from the MacGregor speeches, in which the publisher called Trudeau's patriation plan "the scheme of a tyrant" and warned the British to use "the dignity, the confidence, the trustworthiness in being asked to rectify the Canadian constitution in London."

MacGregor's London lobby may have been, as Dewar said, "hostile and vicious," but it was consistent with *The Globe's* editorial policy, initiated by editor Richard Deyar. For the past six years, the top left corner of *The Globe's* editorial page has run anti-Trudeau editorials on an average of two or three times a week. When the issue heated up last fortnight, five editorials came in one week. In early December, MacGregor bought \$100,000 worth of space in the London Times to run a *Globe* editorial condemning Trudeau and asking the British not to help "in elaborating the provinces."

Sceptics point out that MacGregor was free of any ideological baggage in his past association with The Star's business wing and that his new tack on political controversy may have much to do with winning friends and subscribers in the West, where *The Globe* now publishes by satellite. On the other hand, he can be taken at his own word—at least when he said in a reporter shortly before securing the mantle of publisher: "I like to be generating some rather than reacting to events."

—JANE O'HARA

in provincial consent for any constitutional change affecting provincial powers. Arguing that there is no such convention, Ottawa's lawyers contend that the British North America Act can be amended without provincial consent. A joint resolution from the Canadian Parliament—exactly what is under debate in Ottawa. The dispute will be played in the Quebec courts, but eventually reach the Supreme Court of Canada. The Newfoundlanders appended a quorum of their own this time, could they 1949 terms of union with Canada be altered by future amendments to the Constitution? The province's premier, says his Labrador border with Quebec and the province's denominational school system could be changed without Newfoundland's assent, though constitutionally possible with support from the rest of the country. Ottawa calls that, most unlikely.

Another question, more political than legal, is whether the proposed charter of rights might better be added to the Constitution after it has been passed by the British people, the British government and Parliament, the embodiment of the sovereignty. It is a proposal repeatedly made by Clark, and it appears to me that it should have no other dirty line, not even its home in Rome. As a solution, however, it is flawed. The provinces have never agreed to simple passive resistance, and they are not now arranging future changes without various riders of their own. Peckford made it clear last fall that he would oppose protection unless Ottawa first concurred in a new, more radical, and more provincialist, model of rights. A similar agreement had proved for years to be impossible, the Trudeau cabinet chose to ignore and stretch the charter in a way that was not in the spirit, but to be patently for a short time as a last resort.

When the British must themselves ultimately decide is whether Westminster, like Customs men, should examine the contents of the Trudeau package of proposals. The British government has no reason to doubt that the Trudeau package is on the record as meeting eyes to eyes with Trudeau, that the Canadian resolution should be presented automatically to the British Parliament. But reports published in London last week—clearly based on top-level briefings—indicate the may have been a little different. The Trudeau package, though Westminster would it enjoys more support in Canada. If it is humiliating for Canadians to go before in London for their own constitution, it is going to the British Parliament is to be ordered to accept without question. The Trudeau package is at best a costly, wasteful price to be paid for having and losing a empire.

With a few more British locations in London

Halifax

Paul and Susan and
Peter and Marilyn

Can a priest demand that a group house for adolescents be staffed by a married couple when the provincial Human Rights Act says marital status can't be a consideration in hiring? On the one side of a sorry dispute are Missionaries of St. Paul's House for Girls, a 100-year-old organization that has been the anchor of St. Paul's Anglican Church on the other, and the Child-Parent Aid Society (CPAS) and a young couple who have changed St. Paul's with discrimination. The case before the provincial labor department and its human rights commission is the first of its kind to be tested in Nova Scotia.

The saga began last summer when St. Paul's spent \$120,000 to buy and furnish a five-bedroom home on the outskirts of

Shapolsky, Helwig and the home they can't reject: the issues, the bids.

difficult. The arrangement was that St. Paul's would own the house and the Children's Aid Society would manage it, including hiring group-home parents; it would have been the society's first group home for girls in the city—and the need for it is considered desperate. CAS Executive Director Marilyn Peers says the organization was "extremely pleased" with the qualifications of the couple, finally selected to run the home. Both Brian Sholtz, 31, and Paul Helwig, 31, had master's degrees in social work from St. Paul's. Helwig, an adolescent worker with the CAS, had his diploma withheld when the board of directors of St. Paul's discovered that the couple was living common-law and renounced on the deal.

Peter Mason is that "marriage is both symbolically and practically an important element of society. We believe in it." He doesn't think the church has violated the spirit of the Human Rights Act because being a group-horse phrenic is not just a job. "If you're hiring people to be parents to etc girls from broken homes, then the nature of their relationship is very critical. A married couple



Helweg and Shaddick, who have lived together for 25 months, disagree. "We're not going to change as people," Helweg says, "simply because we got married. It wouldn't make us any more committed to each other." The Children's Aid Society agrees. "More and more, young professional couples are choosing not to marry because they see the record of marriage," says Erik Olson. "But you use marital status as the initial screening factor, you're not going to get the best people." Peere believes that Helweg and Shaddick have a "loving and committed relationship" (he would set a good example for teen-agers in this case).

lance launched a civil suit to recoup two years' lost wages from St. Paul's. They had turned down another group-home situation when they accepted the CAS offer, and Helwig is now unemployed. But in their corner, Howard Epstein, points out, Helwig and Shadick aren't the real losers. "The losers are the kids who are waiting to go [to the home]," Susan and Paul may win some money out of it, but it's not what they really want. What they want is to be working with these kids. —SUE CARLSON

[illegible]

Quebec

Up the creek with parachutes

Until the hats of Quebec delegates to next week's Progressive Conservative meeting were brought forcibly to his attention by the press, Bert Hargrave, chairman of the party's registration and credential committee,

Davis and Margaret Davis were the children's names and then some



based on poor relatively ample literature is just a five-member team currently investigating reports that the 583-member Quebec delegation to the summit, which will decide Joe Clark's future as party leader, was heavily stacked with parachuted delegates handpicked for their loyalty to Clark. "Before these reports hit the newspapers," said the affable Alberta Mr. T. "I only heard of one instance of possible trouble in Quebec." That involved the withdrawal of the 1100 delegates of Lacanau, who were leaving all 1000s of the Party nearly succeeded in backing a failed selection meeting. Hargrave, once a probe, "but we dropped it," he said last week, "when we realized it was nothing but a hunch."

By week's end, however, the selection of delegates in Quebec was nothing for anyone to laugh about. Warning letters inside the Clark caucus closely monitored the process, and the party's own, attempting to determine if Quebec's pro-Clark forces had violated the party's constitution in naming delegates to villages in which they held no valid constituency memberships. A report to the Montreal Gazette noted that 150 of 300 names—fully 50 per cent—had been purchased. Party representatives not specifically ban purchased delegates, but it is clearly expected that all delegates must be officially endorsed by the members of each riding. Marcel Desjardins, a pro-Clark member of the Quebec, unofficially admitted naming as many as 150 pro-Clark delegates, adding that several were not certified at the constituency level. As the registration and credentialing committee investigations got under way, Clark attempted to ensure that the party's constitution was being rigidly administered, with the riding association president who purchased delegates to endorse the

various and then some

Yves, but who will represent far-flung Quebec riders. One such delegate, Lucie Monette, a delegate for Eastern Townships, said that she was pleased angrily that she was "really glad" to represent the riding "because I'm from there originally and I still owe a surname protest here." Some delegates said that they had been purchased. Saint-Denis, a former Montrealer who will vote with the delegates from Matapédia-Monson, said a 700 km away. "There must have been a mistake, I was asked to meet the members of the riding and I was told that I had picked a riding a little closer to home." There was the case of Jean Benoit, a hotel-keeper from the Laurentian community of St. Michel-des-Sœurs, who said that he had been riding Laurentian, a riding 125 km to the south of Quebec. "I was being asked to attend an annual meeting and not a leadership convention, Benoit professed to be a "unaffected" person who just wanted to be a delegate because "I'm old and before I vote for anybody I'm going to have a good look at all the candidates for leadership. And then if I see no one on the horizon who is better than Joe Clark, then I'll vote for Joe."

—CLAUDE ARFON

Ontario

Straight talk in Gay Town

Amid shouts of "Nazi Tories" and "Conservative sham," the temporary and uneasy truce between Toronto's homosexual community and the police department has abruptly ended, and by last week a raid on four bathhouses involving 386 arrests was even becoming gay news in the provincial election set for March 19.

About 150 policemen, some carrying crowbars and hammers, raided the bathhouses late one sweltering fortnight ago, breaking down doors to locked-off stalls, arresting naked and towel-dripping customers. Police Chief Jack Acropolis defended the raids on the grounds that a six-month undercover operation had produced evidence that prostitution was taking place at the bathhouses—but none of those arrested was charged with soliciting. Twenty were charged with loitering in a public place, 200 were charged with lewdness and 260 were charged with possession of sexual devices, drug paraphernalia, or of alcohol, drug paraphernalia and baggy. It was the largest number of arrests in a single police operation since the October 1961 arrests in 1970.

The homosexual community raged and the following day 1,580 people demonstrated on Yonge Street in Toronto's





Gay and sympathizers vs. police: four Crows attorneys were consulted



gay district, then marched on a police station, arms upraised, chanting "Stop Bitch! Homosexual speakers blamed themselves to Jews in Nazi Germany, and Richard Brown, president of a homosexual businessmen's association, said: "If we have ever needed any evidence as to what the intentions of the police department of this city toward minorities are, we have seen it."

The aftermath of the raid took on political overtones, although both Atchey and Premier William Davis denied that any political motivation was involved. However, Peter Maloney, a 35-year-old law student and spokesman for homosexuals, promptly announced he would seek the Liberal nomination in the downtown Toronto riding of St. George. He had run in the same riding in 1971 (and lost by 8,000 votes), but last week the nomination went instead to Brian McLeod, the 52-year-old former

moderator of the United Church of Canada. The picture was modified the next day when George Hinlop, 55, the founder of the now-defunct Community Homophile Association of Toronto, announced that he would run as an independent candidate in St. George. Hinlop was soundly beaten as an alderman candidate in last November's municipal election, along with the city's former mayor, John Sewell, who had endorsed Hinlop's candidacy. It was Sewell's support of Hinlop and his opposition to police actions involving minorities that may have cost him the majority. With few exceptions, Toronto's politicians stand behind the police, and Metropolitan Chairman Paul Godfrey said demands for a provincial inquiry "show, in my opinion, a lack of confidence in the chief." The Metropolitan Toronto Police Commission was equally adamant and, amidst privacy laws, Chair-

man Phil Givens announced that Ontario Attorney-General Roy McMastry had refused a request by the Canadian Civil Liberties Association for an inquiry into the raids. Givens, who left the meeting through a back door, defended the police department, saying "Four Crows attorneys were consulted. These were legitimate proceedings that were taken."

Meanwhile, Hinlop and four other men still face charges of keeping a common bawdy house last after a December 1978 police raid on The Barracks—one of the bathhouses hit by the cops in the latest foray into the boys in blue and the boys in the band.

—WARREN GERARD

The acid rain from Hell

The Ontario government has been outfoxed, embarrassed, out-bargained and out-fought at every turn in its 10-year battle to get the giant Inco Ltd. to stop poisoning the skies of Sudbury, Ont. And, farther—says a sobering report just prepared for the independent Resource Council of Canada—the federal government, instead of lending its muscle to the province, has actually encouraged Inco to evade its Canadian responsibilities by helping finance its overseas ventures.

The author of the report, Toronto biologist and environmental consultant Brian E. Felke, says Inco could cut the pollution pouring out of its huge Sudbury smelter by more than half at a cost of about \$400 million. However, Inco—the largest nickel producer in the world—has been pleading poverty in recent years because of a soft nickel market, labor troubles and setbacks in its overseas operations. Felke argues that the \$400 million for pollution control "would not be a significant burden" if Inco simply applied the cost to its increasingly profitable Canadian operations. Instead, company bookkeepers point to losses on Inco's foreign holdings—particularly mining operations in Guatemala and Indonesia—and claim it can't possibly afford to clean up its act in Canada and keep the halving foreign plants running. In fact, around the same time Ontario officials were trying to persuade Inco to expand in Sudbury instead of abroad—in the mid-1970s—the federal Export Development Corporation awarded Inco a loan in credit to Inco for the Indonesian and Guatemalan projects, in a classic case of governments acting at cross-purposes.

According to Felke's report, if Inco had installed a pollution-fighting furnace in Sudbury instead of getting involved in the overseas caper, the com-

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pany might be in better economic health today. In other words, pollution control can pay. Felke says Inco has plans at one point to build efficient furnace which would not only cut energy costs significantly but would enable Inco to turn some of the poisonous chemicals that are adversely belched into the atmosphere into sulphuric acid. The acid would then be sold and some of the capital cost of the pollution control equipment recovered. However, the company backed away from the idea in 1975 when the sulphuric acid market softened. Since then the acid has become worth nothing after that, and, along with the threat of constantly increasing energy costs, means it may have made economic as well as moral sense for Inco to refit its old chimneys and furnaces in Sudbury rather than pouring money into unstable Guatemala.

In fact, because Inco has been unwilling to take economic risks to fight pollution, it has fallen far short of pollution standards originally set in 1970 by the Ontario government. Faced with Inco's intransigence and the company's harry of intimidating legislative statutes, the Ontario government has backed down, making its demands more and more lenient. And the pollution reduction that has occurred—from an estimated 6,000-ton-per-day emission in 1970 to about 2,500 tons today—is as much the result of cutbacks in Inco's Sudbury operations as it is any serious attempt to reduce pollution.

Felke and other environmentalists say a new provision in the Clean Air Act—passed without much comment last December—may allow the federal government to become more involved in

Felke: Fighting pollution pays off



Not worth yelling 'Stop the presses!'

To media-watchers, at least, the Royal Commission on Newspapers' busy day in Toronto last week had been billed as the main event of the two-month-old series of hearings. It promised key witnesses and substantial testimony, piling the pipe-smoking commission chairman, Tom Kent, against the boss brass of the eastern media establishment, among others, the publishers of three Toronto's daily newspapers, The Globe and Mail, The Star and the Sun. It was assumed that the Toronto testimony would at least be more enlightening than that of one Victoria woman, who recently complained to the commission that her home-town newspaper coverage was "absolutely the pits." But after two days of hearings and Kent's deferential admission to one

commissioner (itself). On the second day of the Toronto hearings, Toronto Sun editor Peter Werhinger added his veteran voice to a refrain that has been echoing in other parts of the country and that was perhaps best expressed by USC student Steven McLure when he told the commission: "We're just trying to figure out what you people are doing here and why you're doing the same thing all over again" (a reference to the 1976 Senate committee report on newspapers headed by Keith Davey).

As Werhinger took his seat before the commission, copies of the Sun circulated throughout the room, carrying a Werhinger editorial that condemned the "Royal Commission fro-bothers" and blasted out: "The cynicism that infects the media with regards to this exercise is unforgivably considerable." However, Werhinger's rant was accompanied neither by Kent, nor his second, another journalist, Gordon Spence. Both commissioners handled

Kent and Henderich: no inquisition, and not even meaning to be peckish



witnesses that "we mean to be constructive, not inquisitorial." It seemed that the Kent commission may well end up being as successful in deciding the future of Canadian newspapers as the Warren commission was in explaining who shot John F. Kennedy.

Soon September, when the Kent inquiry was established in response to the strident closing of the *Ottawa Journal* by Thomson Newspapers and The *Windsor Tribune* by the Sun. In the meantime, the commission has received hundreds of written and oral submissions from individuals and groups and, if nothing more, has been a catalyst for many angered at monopolistic newspaper barons.

Toronto was stop six and, as elsewhere, there was no love lost for either Thomson or Sunbeam, which between them control more than half of Canada's \$1.5-billion newspaper empire. But there were recurring doubts about the very nature and effectiveness of the

hearings with angry glances, asking tense questions which might easily have been answered better and more cheaply by mail. That was the implicit stance of *Globe and Mail* publisher Roy Mcgregor, who had to be subpoenaed and attended armed with a lawyer. "I object to being interrogated by a government-appointed commission," he said, while his boss, Ken Thomson, watched from the audience.

"Interrogate" was too strong a word. At one point, while questioning Toronto Star publisher Helmut Henderich, Kent excused himself for being too boresome. "I don't mean to be pecky," Henderich obligingly pointed up the faulty of the probe when he called for a press ownership review board to oversee mergers—such having been a suggestion of his 11 years ago in the Davey commission. Replied Kent, recognizing that the Davey report has done little more than gather dust for a decade, "How much more is there left to be said?" —JANE O'HARA



Subsidy attack: sporting aid rain

the pollution battle against giants like Inco. The provinces give the feds authority in what is usually a provincial matter, if pollution crosses international borders—and Inco is almost certain to meet that criterion, since its waste from the smelters hangs off its 300-metre smokestack almost certainly falls in parts of the United States. But the problem, of course, is that laws are only as strong as the people who enforce them: the federal government may have the resources to battle Inco, but does it have the will?

Environmentalists could only have been dumfounded late last week to see Environment Canada release an important study on acid rain—the most comprehensive ever undertaken—and then refuse to comment, or even explain it in its report for fear of enraging American sensibilities. Randall Reagan, literally considered such a close personal friend, and American officials, explained one timorous Canadian official, "are very sensitive about this issue." That isn't reassuring news—except perhaps in the boardroom at Inco. —SUSAN RILEY

National

Playing tricks on a blind man

Sam Radt had never felt better. It was Halloween of 1976 and his ancient home village of Sachs Harbour, N.W.T., had come out to watch him play his tight screw beside the flamboyant signature of Hugh Faulkner, then the federal minister of Indian affairs and northern development. As president of the Committee for Original Peoples Entitlement (COPE), Radt was formulating, along with the federal cabinet, an agreement in principle that

would be granted as a perfect example of how one native group and the federal government could come to a calm understanding.

Radt's people had claimed ownership of 165,000 square miles; they would settle for 57,000 square miles in a number of patches scattered across the N.W.T. They had asked for a three-year agreement, but now they are fully aware of the potentially rich Stuart area around them, and had settled for a lump sum of \$45 million. As much as anything, however, Sam Radt wanted a wilderness park carved out of the Yukon's North Slope, as recommended by the Berger inquiry and the National Energy Board. Poor but lively, debate where it met the sea, this was traditional land of the 2,500 Inuvialuit of the Western Arctic. Radt's own father had passed down from his father a single commandment: "Protect the land for your people, if the animals die off from the sea, we all die." And yes, there would be such a park. During celebrations that followed the signing, Radt's 76-year-old father, Kewikook, played a traditional Inuit drum dance, and the community hall was stamped when Sam Radt himself got up to dance. Not because he had never danced before, but because he hadn't, but because Sam Radt is blind.

Last week, in a cheap Ottawa hotel room with water dripping in the halls beyond, Radt turned toward the light of the window and said he wished he had his 10-month-old granddaughter with him to hold. He needed comfort. Before him sat a letter from the new minister of Indian affairs and northern development, John Munro, to Senator David Stewart, the government's chief negotiator toward the final agreement with COPE, due by the end of this year. "Compromises are essential," Munro had written. The negotiations were clear—it was to go ahead with the wilderness park but to make sure Stewart reserved "the right to establish develop-

ment corridors and unshare facilities in the vicinity of King Point without parliamentary consent." The reason, of course, was potential oil and gas development, which is the agreement in principle could only involve the wilderness park if it were deemed "in the national interest."

I always believed that if two parties agree in something and then sign it," says Radt, "then that's what they agree to break it."

How such a transcript could take place may be a prime example of what former external affairs minister Peter Macdonald was getting at when she claimed her ministers are "at the mercy of bureaucratic domination." Soon after the Liberals were returned to power in 1980, Munro wrote to Radt saying, "It can assure you that this government will honor the agreement in principle." As the stark hand of Indian Affairs in six years, however, perhaps he didn't fully realize that he was now minister to the Inuvialuit Chairman of government hanging Munro moved



Stewart compromises are essential

quickly, to Jane appointing Senator Stewart to act as the federal negotiator, and all seemed to go smoothly until early November, when the Yukon territorial government wrote Stewart pushing its case for a corridor which Yukon government leader Chris Frumkin deemed "critical to the extraction of these valuable resources."

And that's when Ottawa's infamous bureaucracy went to work. Documents drafted by Macdonald show that on Nov. 17, Stewart's assistant, Marc LaPresle, sent a memo to his superior at Indian Affairs, Claude Demers, arguing for the "signification of a development

area at King Point and a transportation corridor." Ten days later, Demers sent a memo to his superior, Deputy Minister Paul Teller, arguing for "enhanced facilities" and suggesting "extensive procedures" to try to reopen negotiations. On Dec. 8, 1980, at an evening meeting between the COPE negotiators and Stewart, LaPresle denied that he had made any recommendations on this matter to either Teller or Munro, and Stewart backed him up. COPE couldn't understand why Munro seemed to be delaying what cabinet had already approved in 1976. But just very day a LaPresle note was given to Teller, and the following morning Munro received his briefing material with the sub-stances of the LaPresle and Demers memos attached. This briefing material then became the basis for the negotiations between Munro and Stewart. So Munro's denials to Stewart were in fact—although—own underwriting.

Richard LaPresle's actions, says he was glad for the guidelines and cannot understand the force the latter



Radt: the whole thing will unravel

commented "The wilderness change," says Stewart, "was the government change the way we do things—just all that attention to the first print in the first agreement." One other highly placed government official says simply: "It was a work job. The Berger report was

hot. They thought there was an election coming. They blew it."

Munro is now calling for "a negotiating period." The letter, says, has been misinterpreted. "They see it as our bottom line, our final position. It's not that." Now he wants to talk compromise, but "I don't know what they are if we can't talk about them." Says Senator Stewart: "Really what we're talking about is having the wilderness park 50 to 50 percent." This agreement is like a knot, counters Radt: "You take up one part and the whole thing will unravel."

Sam Radt has decided not to talk, to wait until they come to him. "We've waited a hundred years," he says, and smiles. He has finally, reluctantly, joined with those who have come to believe Indian Affairs is incapable of dealing in good faith. "So many Canadians feel guilty about past dealings with native people," says Don Gamble of the Canadian Association of Native Elders, a northern watchdog. "Well, this is exactly the same kind of government dealing there has always been in the past." —DAVE ELLERRE

To pray or not to pray

Bible readings for kids have been introduced in the Saskatchewan Education Act since 1979, but the Regina Public School Board ran into a hot line of trouble last week when it confirmed, in a full note, a separate set of "local" guidelines "encouraging" teachers in the city's 75 schools to lay on some additional religious before breakfast and the three R's. "It could actually amount to a form of psychological torture," warns Nigel Hsieh, president of the Regina chapter of the Canadian Association of Educators, who is off-duty completing his own course to the school board. "There are named religious now in the public schools, and if some children don't join it, or walk out, they will feel they aren't a part of the group. Other students will see it as a feeling against the minority students might start seeing." Like other minority spokesmen, Hsieh complains that a committee established by the board to study introduction of religious guidelines didn't confer with parents or religious groups before reporting to the board.

Haragovet Gupta, founding chairman of the India Association of Saskatchewan, doesn't take exception to the use of prayers in the classroom, but believes the reading should be tailored to meet. Disputed religious beliefs prevalent in every classroom, says Gupta. "The Lord's Prayer does not commit me to any specific dogma, but there are many



Pray before prayers and prep work board member John Berta: a hot potato

prayers that could be suitable and I think a prayer chosen by the students might have more meaning." But the complaints of the small non-Christian community didn't appear to be swaying public opinion. Board member Mary Hsieh, one of the few who opposed the religious guidelines because "the Christian thing to do is not to impose your beliefs on other people," had to take on angry allies when she tried to defend her stance on local radio open-line shows. Labeled "everything from 'angels' to someone who is 'born again or religion,'" Hsieh and the board her decision was like objecting to motherhood and was not a politically astute position to take.

Although the mixing of shrook and education was a volatile issue for the board members, there was little reaction from the teachers themselves. "It's a hot potato now and so no one is really talking about it in the staff room," said one teacher. But for Don Berta, a veteran teacher of 25 years and principal at suburban Henry Jackson elementary and junior high school, it's a case of overreaction. "There are students who don't celebrate Christmas and are exempted from taking part in Christmas activities, and they are accepted. I think this is really a non-issue," says Berta. Real or imagined, the issue wasn't Berta. At week's end the Regina Civil Liberties Association was putting the final touches on a brief for presentation to the school board asking it to rescind the decision. —DAVE ELLERRE

I expect to see my professional experience and background to build a permanent Liberal organization in the province," announced an optimistic **Sheila Sikora** this month when she was appointed executive director of the federal Liberals in Conservative-dominated Alberta. Sikora's professional background should prove good training for the hawks and arrows likely to come from disgruntled Albertans. A recent convert to Liberalism, Polish-born Sikora's travels took her to Iran in late 1973 where she served as administrative assistant to **Sheik Mohammed Reza Pahlavi's** newly appointed minister of



Home-changer Weener (top) and Sheila Sikora (above) after the shift, on to the Liberals

Armenberg. "I enjoy entertaining." However, if Armenberg's personal style is any indicator of the methods she will use in her job, *Reagan* can expect the way to be less than smooth. A sign on the fence surrounding the Armenberg estate in Palm Springs, Calif., reads:

"I wouldn't stand being called 'Son' or 'Suzie' or any of those cutey names, so I decided to make a change," says actress **Suzanne Weener**, who switched from her original "Susan" when she was 14. The name was selected from a standard guidebook of names, she said usually employed by expectant parents. Signatory, which rhymes with nothing, stopped her classmates in their

tracks and nobody dared to attempt an abbreviation in "Suz" or "Suzie." "While the name problem may have given Weener an undisputed ability to be called as she chooses, her nearly six-foot height has also caused an identity crisis. "Once a little kid approached me and asked me if I was **Wii Chewbent's** sister," says Weener. "What could I do? I told him I was."

When Saskatchewan-born **Rev. Stuart Hicks** came to live in a six-story house in Bath, England, he found it a bit bare. In fact, there were no railings in front of his chaotic bath terrace, circa 1780. Discovering that his rail had been used for wartime setup in 1940, Hicks decided to replace the row. Three years and almost \$10,000 later, Hicks has installed 799 cast steel rails, withholding the final one for replacement.

House owners of the exploding lead



tion at a formal spring railing unveiling. The effort has become a cause célèbre among the local townfolk. At a cost of \$15 per rail, 32 householders helped raise the cash required for materials, with assistance from the historic buildings branch of the department of the environment and one lone rail financed by Britain's post laureate, **Sir John Bagjordan**. Since Hicks serves as a chaplain as well as full-time teacher, the reconstruction has been a hobby as well as a job. Hicks received equipment and a \$154 bill to get one Christmas. He makes a lead ball for each rail to render them frost-proof. "It's a difficult job," admits the Anglican cleric, "because if you pour lead into a hole that's damp it explodes. One of them did—all over me."

Reliques dark, Hugh and La (right) and Kevin (below) is the Lindbergh baby?



son has an alternative "real" identity. If he's not a Lindbergh, Ohio claims he is the previously unknown son of **Al Capone**.

"The trees have their roots and the rivers have their sources" in the Vietnamese way of saying that without the past we are nothing. This thought is articulated by former refugee **Myung Tai Mai** Lee, who plays the mother of a Vietnamese family in the docu-drama, *The Way of the Willow*. Director **John Kent Harrison** filmed the story of a refugee family's first week in Canada with the help of 20 film students at **Queens University** in Montreal and the backing of the York, Canada Council and its High Commission for Refugees in Canada. A sponsor himself, Harrison interviewed 50 refugee families and their sponsors to reconstruct the events that occurred from arrival at Montreal Airport, to life as the infant found in a shelter in Jersey Avenue, to the family's apartment of their own. The film has a sister one, *but Don't Forget Me*, who acted as translator and refugee father, determined that the learning experience was nothing but fun for three-year-old **La Vang** Hui. When the cameras were set to roll, La would announce in Vietnamese with all of the authority of **Francis Ford Coppola**, "Action—it's time to pretend."

"I see had 500 people show up in Prince George to hear me read my poetry—they were expecting a folk singer," recalls seasoned poet **Al Parry**. But with his 10th collection of poems, *The Silver Bird*, out this month, Parry, 62, is well-versed in the troubles with his book. "Stagnancy is a great advantage to a writer," he says. "If you're not stupid enough to believe you're good when you're bad, you'd never keep going. The reason I like my new book is because it proves everything I was writing 10 years ago was crap."

"We are blessed by the fact that he has to get to Rome somehow and stop for gas somewhere," explained **Archbishop Francis T. Hurley** of Alaska, who was telephoned by Vatican aides last month as a potential candidate for the first visit by **Pope John Paul II** would be stopping in Anchorage on Feb. 16 for gas. The blessing comes with the necessary three-hour layover the pontiff must make on his way back to Rome following a 10-day tour of Asia. The refueling stop marks the first visit by **Pope** has made to the west coast of the U.S. With the Japan Air plane being refueled, the 13 passengers—including support staff, press, the Pope's physician and his secretary—will join an expected crowd of 300,000 at an open-air mass on Cooks Creek. Temperatures in Anchorage have been unusually mild this winter but, as a gesture and somewhat precautionary measure, three native women will present His Holiness with a *hoopoe*—a traditional Alaskan parka lined with white rabbit fur and trimmed with walrusene. Says the Most Rev. Hurley: "This routing brings him much closer to the people of the North."

Estimate piano star **Glenn Gould** is well-known for being introverted, but to mark his 50th year with *Can Records* he decided to grant an audience to himself. The Glenn Gould Silver Jubilee Album, due next month, includes one record of previously unrecorded material, plus a second record featuring Gould answering questions from a panel of five critics—mostly played by himself with different voices. "I was a bit of a loner after I've developed over the years," says Gould, who has used some of the characters before on records and album jackets. The panel includes **Theodore Shatz**, the pseudonymous arts editor for the *New York Village Voice*; **Dr. Grouper** underlines the new group; and **Miss Faith Terrence**, who is an always estranged Gould or anyone else who would play back on a modern piano. Says Gould: "I just let them loose with their questions and hardly get a word in edgewise myself."

—EDITED BY MARSHA BOUTIN

A booming arms bazaar

French arms exports to the Third World are burgeoning

By Marci McDonald

In Tehran there was no kind word for the country that had once played the Ayatollah Khomeini's indulgent taskmaster: "An act of war against Iran," thundered President Abdelhassan Bani-Sadr, baring his teeth at France. In a press conference last week, Majlis speaker Aliakbar Hashemi Rafsanjani emphatically intimated that the French were guilty of attempted blackmail.

The reason for the sudden outburst of Pasdaranism was Paris' abrupt refusal to deliver to Iran three fast-assembly patrol boats armed with U.S.-built Harpoon surface-to-aircraft missiles, ordered under the late Shah Reza Pahlavi and sitting ready and paid for in Cher-



Tanks on display at Satory, inside Galle's fancy footwork and Yemou's self-interest



bourg harbor. After first pleading the general embargo during the American bombing crisis, the French were now hedging with excuses that Iran still owed hundreds of millions of dollars in old IOUs.

But what had infuriated the Iranians was not so much their own loss as their enemy's gain. The French had just delivered Iraq the first four of 50 Mirage F1 jet fighter-bombers which could give the Iraqi a tactical advantage as well as three-month no-arms ship-out. It was what Rafsanjani termed "unacceptable loss and denigration in a time of war," and all in return for "no economic considerations"—an allusion to the fact that France imports one-quarter of its oil from Iraq. If it came as no surprise that Paris had found the break linkages of commerce more rewarding than the

Damascus (left), and Rafsanjani's act of war against Iran for economic motives

table of hospitality, it was no secret either that over since the 1974 energy crisis France has vied for the chips of the mushrooming multi-billion-dollar arms industry on playing the oil card. In the process, it has nudged the British aside to become the world's third-largest merchant of death, behind the United States and the Soviet Union.

With a kind of innate Galle's fancy footwork and borrowed Yemou's self-interest, the French have turned into the new super-sellers of the current arms market with one studied aim in mind—maximizing their whopping \$13-billion foreign trade deficit. From a modest \$800-million sale in 1970, foreign arms exports have swelled into a na-

tional life-support system which in 1980 topped \$5 billion in deliveries.

Sixty per cent of French arms production is exported. And with unqualified single-mindedness, they have focused all their savoir faire on the Middle East. If the most explosive headlines came from the Mirage delivery to Iraq, the most nothing rewards came from a deal with Saudi Arabia. France's main energy pipeline, laid fall at the French defense ministry, generals are still smuggling their lips over a \$3.8-billion package of naval frigates, to 985 Daphn in military helicopters with all-the-arms mindless due to be served up to the Saudis in what they call the "contract of the century."

With France's fertile and steel industries in tact, it is no wonder that President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing not

Mirage fighter-bomber (top); burgeoning of Satory; arms to strategic Indonesia



frequently cherishes his subjects into a ruler industrial tomorrow by extolling as the television screen the virtues of his arms makers, who employ 280,000 Frenchmen. Indeed, American military spokesmen grumble that the French are consistently outbidding them these days—not only because France doesn't kinder its weapons dealers with the nuisance of legislative approval as sales to foreign countries, as the U.S. Congress does, but also because the government actively hosts its manufacturers, such as Aerospatiale, with subsidies and loans. They offer armah-buoy sales generous credit terms. And Paris' annual spring Le Bourget air show is the arms trade's commercial jamboree where multi-billion-dollar deals are transacted.

There is also a permanent weapon showcase at Satory, near Versailles, where the military shopper can browse through 400-50 tanks and radar-guided missile, anti-air missiles. The jewel of France's military display window, however, is indisputably the crack Mirage, which has made 50-year-old parliamentarian deputy Marcel Dassault—whose Avions Marcel Dassault-Breguet turns it out for 30 air forces around the world—reportedly the richest man in France.

In their pursuit of arms markets, the French haven't been haphazard about Africa, Asia or South America—but

out. After peddling weapons to the right-wing regimes of Chile, Brazil and South Africa, the French have won less than every reputation. But, as some diplomats argue, why shouldn't the French do what everybody else does even more profitably? Their third-ranking spot still only rates them 15 per cent of the estimated \$400-billion arms trade cake—mere crumbs compared to the 75 per cent hogged by the Americans and Soviets.

The danger of all this frenzied competition, however, is that millions of dollars in the sophisticated technology of death have found their way into strategic underbushes. The Third World has become the arms dealer's, most rapidly growing market. A 1978 U.S. study showed that while developed countries had cut back on their military purchases, Third World arms imports had quadrupled to \$7.7 billion from a decade earlier.

These days no self-respecting patty tyrant would be without his tanks and missiles, and 200 times the money spent on public health in the world is now lavished on arms. The prospect of all that deathware in often untrained hands is hardly consoling. Indeed, the rocket of increasing arms sales can prove a costly boomswag as the United States learned when the Shah of Iran, its best arm customer, fell, leaving all his boys to be inherited by the ayatollah's hostile minions. To be sure, the Iranian's talk over not getting their French patrol boats seems a prickly irony considering that military camaraderie was seen as the Shah's most unformidable shortcoming.

As for its patrol boats, Iran could always take a tip from the Israelis, who in 1969 found themselves in the same straits with five "viedities de Cherbourg" embargoed in the harbor. Perhaps capitalizing on the legendary French affection for *commerce*, they pulled New Year's desire to dip their training crews aboard and barked them out of French waters. <

Poland

New man into the breach

The speaker's voice was soft, but his words were so emphatic that nobody in the packed parliament had to strain to hear them. "I am appealing to the union to end all strikes," declared the still soft dagger figure in a tan suit. "I was in the streets for 10 months, honest work, 30 days of calm." With his call for a truce in the Polish imbroglio, General Wojciech Jaruzelski, the defense minister chosen last week to serve

as his country's fourth premier in a year, began a term that many saw as Poland's last chance to avert Soviet intervention. But scarcely had Jaruzelski's appeal in the Sejm (parliament) in Warsaw been heard than Poland's resolute trade unions, which had tied the country up with strikes to force the Communist authorities to honor the 1956-58 Gdansk agreements signed last Aug. 31, let it be known they would travel only halfway with him.

"Polish workers reserve the right to strike," snarled Lech Walesa, leader of the independent Solidarity trade union in Gdansk after union chiefs had met to talk strategy following the appointment of 57-year-old Jaruzelski, who also re-



Jaruzelski: three months of honest work

raised his post as defense minister. However, Walesa's defiant response could have been easily blunted since Solidarity had already signaled its readiness to work with the new soldier-premier by cancelling a nationwide walkout of printers and wiggling out of a pledge to launch strikes to back demands by Poland's private farmers to fence their own rural areas.

Jaruzelski's appointment appeared to signal a stiffening in government resolve to end the latest unrest that has carried Poland in fits and starts to the brink of economic ruin and political chaos. In taking over from Josef Pankiewicz, a well-intentioned but ineffectual technocrat, the former-trusted Jaruzelski made it plain he would use Poland's 310,000-man army to prevent a slide into "economic chaos." But Jaruzelski, a moderate who had resisted strong pressure to crush last summer's monumental strikes in the Baltic coast, also committed himself to continue talks with Poland's restive workers. In this end he begged his ministers who had proved incapable of dealing with the mounting tide of worker discontent. As well, he formed a permanent govern-



farmers in traditional dress demonstrate in Warsaw travelling only in their

ment committee under liberal journalist, Mirosław Rakowski) to bargain with Solidarity. Rakowski's first act was to call upon the independent unions to agree to Jaruzelski's call for a memorandum on walkouts. But after a meeting on Saturday with the committee, Walesa refused, saying: "We cannot promise anything in advance."

On the whole, however, Poland reacted positively to both the government shuffle and the new premier's call for a

free. Most Poles, irrespective of their feeling for Solidarity, had begun to fear that the government's practice of taking public stands against strikes, only to cave in again and again, could only act as an invitation to the Soviet Union to step in to restore order. They believe that a harder but consistent line, along with a period of calm, could be the right combination at present to pull Poland's battered ship back from the reef.

Western analysts, however, feared

that Jaruzelski's medicine could be too harsh. They argued that if his rule were seriously challenged by Solidarity, he would be compelled to muster the army to break strikes or run key public services. This could easily prompt a Soviet-led Warsaw pact invasion. That point-missile view appeared to be widely held in Washington and other Western capitals. Although U.S. state department spokesman William Dyess declared that Soviet military intervention was not "imminent," Secretary of State Al Haig said in Italy, "I am not aware, previously that events in Poland had spun off a lot of control that it was unreasonable for the Kremlin not to act."

Meanwhile, Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev greeted the tough-minded Jazayirski's appointment with enormous warmth, visibly expecting it to put an end to what he sees as anarchy on the Soviet Union's doorstep. But it is in Jazayirski's fiasco, where his duty lay, the Kremlin ordered Soviet troops stationed in East Germany to hold a surprise maneuver near the town of Gifhorn to practice hauling men and wounded cars across rivers. Obviously enough, the only major river in the area is the Neisse. On the other side lies Poland.

—PETER LEWIS

A country right in the line of fire

One-and-a-half years after the overthrow of General Anastasio Somoza in Nicaragua, the Sandinista government that replaced him is on the defensive. The most urgent menace is not counter-revolution, but the possibility that this situation to turn the nation into another pawn on the geopolitical chessboard. Recently, the *Auditing Sandinista regime* has been high on the list of President Ronald Reagan's administration. Reagan's administration has accused the Sandinista administration of looting, military aid to regional rebels Honduras and Guatemala booted up and armaments of Nicaraguan support for the guerrillas fighting in El Salvador since. Last week Mexico's correspondent, Miguel Alenczar, Nicaraguan's foreign minister, in his office in Managua.

Question: What is the effect of U.S. military aid to the government of El Salvador?

O'Connor: We believe that U.S. military



D'Esposito: the U.S. does not look at things morally

aid to El Salvador is extremely questionable from a moral point of view. The United States, of course, does not look upon things morally but from a strictly legislative point of view. World opinion, however, holds that the junta led by President Jose Napoleón Duarte has reasons to be totally pro-communist.

Maclean: How do you reply to U.S. accusations of Nicaraguan involvement in El Salvador?

D'Esposito: We have always insisted that

we are in no way, shape or form involved in giving military aid to the Salvadoran people.

Maclean's: Has the U.S. state department presented any proof of such involvement?

Questor: They have never been so. They say they have photographs taken from a reconnaissance airplane showing that we have certain training camps and airports. But you don't need any sophisticated plane to establish that. And there is no connection between these facilities and aid to the Salvadoran liberation forces.

Maclean's: Nearly two years ago the Organization of American States (OAS) blocked a U.S. motion to send a multilateral force to Nicaragua. What would the chances be now for a similar move, according to El Salvador?

Woods: Clearly it is a different situation. The United States, which is the most important element to consider, could not support Somera's regime as strongly as it is presently backing that of Duarte. As well, nations that voted against the 1979 mandate—Venezuela, Bolivia and others—might not do so on a matter regarding El Salvador. But I don't think that such a notion, if proposed at this [United Nations] meeting, has the ITT support that I will maintain in the basic view of Latin America's soldiers, and I hope that the nations of the region will resist the invitation to be used in designs that go against the very essence of Latin America. ☺

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¹ Data on 2007-2008 for any village showing a large increase in income — which may signal a big migration — is not available in all Indian states; see, e.g., Madhya Pradesh. State Government has 74 districts; therefore, some villages may not have data on income and migration. Village data are available from www.censusindia.gov.in (accessed 10 April 2010). ² *Source of Migration in India* (New Delhi: Ministry of Labour, 2008).

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India

Feud in the nonaligned family

While the audience perched on gilt chairs in one of the embassy's gracious reception rooms, three tough young men who looked like cliff-patrol soldiers rather than members of Iran's delegation to the non-aligned nations' foreign ministers' conference made it clear that brotherhood and peace were not why they were in Delhi. They wanted the expulsion of Afghanistan, Iraq and Egypt from the nonaligned movement, not to mention the overthrow of all three administrations. What then of the possibility of peace talks on Afghanistan? Said the

bold talks." It is not our faith that some of our neighbors under different pretenses try their best to hinder a constructive solution of the existing problems." However, most Western diplomats, and many in the nonaligned movement itself, privately doubted whether the Afghan-Soviet pact for peace talks was motivated by anything more substantial than conference politics: an attempt to avert a declaration in Delhi that condemned the Soviet Union by name for its presence in Afghanistan. Moves to this end began several weeks ago when the Soviets appeared to drop their demand for recognition of the Karmal regime as a precondition for negotiations. Moscow's ambassador to Pakistan, Vitaly Stetsko, conveyed this

Deaf and Gandhi (below left), and conference in session, muddled waters

The Pakistanis have to deal with realities. The Soviet army along the border and large numbers of Afghan refugees in their territory. The refugees are having a destabilizing effect on the shaky Pakistan Federation. They are militant and armed. They compete for grazing land, water, jobs and scarce resources. In addition, last year new incursions into Pakistani territory by Soviet helicopter gunships. Pakistan is the headquarters for most of the rival Islamic guerrilla groups and a conduit for an unknown quantity of arms supplied to the rebels from countries like Egypt. There have been warnings from Moscow and Kabul that Pakistan will suffer if this state of affairs is allowed to continue. As such implications stack upon, Pakistan will increasingly be obliged to reassess their posture.

—PETER NEISSEWARD



delegate with the broken nose. "We will talk to representatives of the people, not representatives of the puppet regime."

That effectively was the end of a diplomatic coup that Indira Gandhi's government had been hoping would celebrate last week's conference and the movement's 50th anniversary. Even the conclusion prize—bilateral talks between Pakistan, the other nation directly affected by the Afghan crisis, and the Soviet Karmal regime—most lauding Pakistan's brave foreign minister, Ayub Shah, insisted (while his aides complained about the quality of his hotel suite) that if Iran wasn't prepared to join the negotiations, there would be no talks at all. United Nations Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim, who flew in for the birthday celebrations, had separate meetings with Shah and the Afghan representative, Shah Mohammad Deaf, but failed to bridge the gap. Instead, he nominated a senior UN man for the thankless task of trying to get something going.

And so the Afghans were left playing the unannounced role of injured party. "No one should doubt our sincerity in

message to the foreign ministry in Islamabad, where it was immediately regarded as an important concession. Karmal then expressed his willingness to meet under UN auspices.

India diplomats were quickly en route to capitals of major nonaligned countries to argue that a condemnation of Moscow in Delhi would not help the embryonic settlement. Says the Moscow was again muddying the waters went almost unnoticed as a result of these perceptions. But soon after the original moves, the Soviet embassy in London was quietly ending doubts as to whether the Russians had in fact made any concession. East European sources added that dropping the demand for recognition of the Karmal regime would be tantamount to an admission that Moscow had committed aggression in Afghanistan.

Against this background it was inevitable that last week's conference should end in stalemate, and it duly did. After days of semantic wrangling, the final declaration called for the withdrawal of foreign troops from Afghanistan, without saying when. But this did not signal the end of talks.

Israel

Irreligious ministry?

"They changed the rules," complained one of the Israeli Labor Party's financial manipulators in 1975 as the judges sent him to jail for taking bribes. So far, the current religious affairs minister, Aharon Abutbul, has conducted himself with a firm policy of "not getting in similar charges. But his conference supporters in the National Religious Party (NRP)—a 10-seat partner in Premier Menachem Begin's coalition government—and the Moroccan immigrant community are already crying foul for much the same reason.

Abutbul, at 42 the youngest member of Begin's cabinet, went on trial in Jerusalem's district court on Sunday charged with taking kickbacks of \$5,000 shakels (more than \$10,000) in return for allowing inflated grants to religious institutions in the Tel Aviv



Abdohabib charged with taking bribes

satellite town of Beni Brak. Charged with Abdohabib were a chief advisor, Moulou Gaba, and two religious leaders from Beni Brak, Rabibou Ammam Karach and Ahmed Delal.

The prosecution pointed to an elaborate system of "religiosity" loans and grants to motivate (Islamic) seminars and local religious leaders. Allegedly, up to 40 per cent of the allocation was recycled in cash to Gaba, who in turn passed it to the minister. What then happened to the money was not specified, but Islamic parties are widely suspected of using such means for "rewarding" blocks of voters and encouraging others to follow suit.

The case poses embarrassing problems for the NRP as it prepares for a June 30 general election. The Western (Arabian) Jews, who control the NRP, does not drop Abdohabib, since he is the standard-bearer for a dynasty of Moroccan-Jewish leaders that gave the party 53 per cent of its vote four years ago. And they are reluctant to be left with him on the slate if he is convicted before polling day.

Abdohabib, who looks like a slim, shy bespectacled schoolboy, has taken no steps to ease his colleagues' dilemma, insisting he has done nothing wrong and therefore deserves the mere support of his party. As yet, there has been no sign that Abdohabib's backers are deserting him even though police tapes in which an agent called the minister a "leaky shepherd" have supported their belief that the whole affair is an Arab-Israeli plot. But the danger of the scandal is that the Moroccan Jews may be so damaged that they turn volatile, withdrawing their support from the NRP. The second religious party, Agafat Tarnat, will be competing hard for their vote in June, as will future secular parties. The Moroccan, now Israel's largest national coalition, are a prime worth fighting for. —ERIC SILVER

U.S.A.

Priests of a new economic faith

Reagan's tough economic package goes to Congress

By Michael Posner

The bell rings this week for the first real test of Ronald Reagan's month-old presidency. Having targeted the ailing U.S. economy as his first priority, the president is sending to Congress the stiffest package of tax and budget cuts in history, reflecting a profound shift in American economic policy. The cuts, designed not only to curb inflation and federal spending, but to promote savings and investment that will spur production, are chiefly the work of budget director David



Stockman, wunderkind of the cabinet

Stockman, wunderkind of the Reagan cabinet. Stockman, once a divinity student at Harvard, is now busy promulgating his new doctrine of supply-side to Capitol Hill. As in most religions, the bottom line is faith: recite the liturgy and all will be right with the world—or at least the U.S. economy. But there are a fair number of skeptics in Congress. Some liberal Democrats, for example, are simply reluctant to abandon the old Keynesian dogma; their rabbis can be overheard in corridors, uttering murmured prayers, or turning up on talk shows and op-ed pages, warning grave warnings of what lies ahead. Others cannot easily accept the glowing promise of the supply-side afterlife, a resurrected

economy, lower inflation rates, balanced budgets, higher productivity. Still others are so inured to special-interest—oil, price supports, gun-bite, labor lobbies—that submission to the new priesthood will come (if at all) only after prolonged resistance.

But the White House has more strategies at hand than Stockman's witless proselytizing. The president himself has been doing what he does well—courting and winning public opinion and the levers of power in Washington. For those who prefer the assessment of a hard-nosed journalist, there is Treasury Secretary Donald Regan, recently of Wall Street, who issued a national edict last week that the president's package, a stable monetary policy and a pragmatic view of regulation, would yield "the best of all pos-

Deadly powers of the mind

Deep below the Pentagon, is a hallowed basement office, a small band of military scientists is studying psychic warfare. The subject has come in contact with the tabernacles of Yoda, the pointy-eared character in *The Empire Strikes Back* who could move spacecraft with the power of his mind, thus with conventional notions of military weapons. But this week, President Ronald Reagan and Defense Secretary Casper Weinberger must decide whether to continue funding the top-secret project which, according to Jack Anderson of *The Washington Post*, is currently allotted \$6 million annually.

Chances are they will decide in the affirmative. Not only is the man relatively new to a Pentagon budget of \$184 billion, but the research has the backing of Democratic Congressman Charles Rose of North Carolina, a member of the House select committee on Intelligence. Answering to Rose, "Psychic weapons could make every other weapon obsolete."

Next of the psychic budget is spent commissioning research by university



Unemployed in Michigan: grow warnings that apocalypse of what lies ahead

sible worlds," and insisted: "We will succeed." And to those who fear the impact of budget cuts on the poor, the administration offered this healing balm: the seven most politically sensitive programs would not be subjected to Stockman's sacred knife.

These magnificent seven (basic social security, Medicare, veterans' disability, school lunches, security income for the blind, disaster aid, and various youth employment programs) are somehow regarded as inviolable—the

cardinal virtues of modern government. Together, they serve 86 million Americans and represent about \$200 billion, more than one-quarter of the total budget. But the Reaganites are already committed to higher defense expenditures, higher even than Jimmy Carter's projected 1982 total of \$184 billion. After accounting for interest payments on existing federal debt, the discretionary New Deal remains—the only vulnerable target—is roughly one-third of the \$139-billion budget tandem.

world chessplayer match between the Soviet world champion Anatoly Karpov and the Soviet defender Viktor Korchnoi. Korchnoi protested that the Soviets were using psychology to confuse him.

In their Pentagon after last week, the researchers were prepared for any ridicule directed their way. Reportedly, they had asked a question from the late Admiral William Leahy, chief of U.S. naval operations from 1937 to 1939, on their office wall. It reads "The A-bomb is the biggest fool thing we have ever done. The bomb will never go off, and I speak as an expert on explosives." —WILLIAM LOWMYER

Karpov (left) and Korchnoi: a nuclear explosion transmitted at the speed of thought



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Regina preaching supply-side attitude

In the waning days of the Carter administration.

With more brains than belief, Reagan's economic advisers have been tossing around figures of between \$40 and \$50 billion in budget cuts, and declaring that no sector, region or interest group will be left unscathed except the truly needy—as distinct, presumably, from the utterly needy. They have also reiterated that reductions must be made in conjunction with the Kemp-Roth tax cuts—10 per cent annually for three years. "Think of railway tracks," Treasury Secretary Regan suggested. "The two must run together."

This is all sound political strategy. If all suffer equally, or appear to, there will be less leverage for complainers and saboteurs. By linking Kemp-Roth to the budget operation, the administration Congress is set to defend prized territory—budget programs—in order to distribute the largesse of tax savings. Moreover, Regan is playing with a strong psychological edge. The country is solidly behind him, a recent poll reported 71 per cent in favor of his proposals.

Yet the budget is not merely this month's hottest game in town, for much of Washington, it is the only game, the vital source of the new federal engine. To get the knife moving again, the president proposes to turn off a few valves and tinker with some pistons. Congress, less a partner than an adversary, fears the consequences. "War," a former budget administrator wrote recently, "is nobody else's problem."

It is the consensus of old Washington hands that Regan will get much of what he needs, but not all. Old Washington hands have been wrong before, of course, but what if they are right? What, then, of the wanted projections

for reduced inflation, greater savings, and all the rest? What, then, of the great American turnaround and supply-side economics? What, then, of Mr. Reagan's credibility? The president is prepared to fight. When Illinois Governor James Thompson suggested over lunch last week that some budget cuts would be passed only over dead bodies, Regan quickly rejoined, "Well, maybe that isn't a bad idea." Visitors to Washington are reminded to be on the lookout for falling objects. ☐

Innocent abroad

Cynthia B. Dwyer, the so-called third hostage, returned home to the affluent English suburb of Amberley last week slightly dazed and melancholic over the reports of jobs that had placed her in an Iranian prison for more than nine months. Among those who commented on Dwyer before her arrest were Chicago-based reporters David Kline and Dan Swartz. They filed this report in Maclean's last week after interviewing her in England.

Interestingly, Cynthia Dwyer, a 40-year-old free-lance writer and mother of three, was sympathetic to the Iranian revolution before she was left for that country last April 10. Critical of American foreign policy in the Third World, she made the trip to "tell the other side"—the Iranian side—of events in that chaotic nation. But somewhere along the line, Dwyer was swept up in a series of power politics far beyond her comprehension. Instead of helping to mend Iranian-American relations, as she had hoped, she became a casualty of the crisis herself.

Shortly after the American rescue mission to free the hostages failed on April 28, Dwyer was approached by a mysterious Iranian claiming to repre-

sent a group of dissidents opposed to the fanatical swing in Iranian politics. He convinced Dwyer that his group was plotting to free her of the hostages who had recently been transferred to the eastern city of Mashhad. Unless she aided them by contacting the U.S. government for assistance, he argued, the hostages might never be released by their western captors.

Dwyer took the bait. In a series of frantic phone calls made to these correspondents in Mac, she attempted to relay the news of her involvement and ignored attempts to dissuade her. Self-coded code phrases like "It's a baitish operation" and "the youngest Yankee Doodle" were intended to reveal that the plot involved the freeing of Sgt. Kevin Hennessey—the youngest U.S. prisoner thought to be held in Mashhad—and that he and the other freed prisoners would be helicoptered to an airstrip nearby.

Unfortunately for Cynthia, her phone was tapped by her Iranian "friends." On May 5, the so-called dissident knelt on his back at the Tehran Hilton. He informed a stunned Dwyer that he was an undercover operative of Iran's Revolutionary Guard and that she was under arrest. Thus began nine long months of captivity which ended on Feb. 4 when Dwyer was convicted by an Islamic Revolutionary Court and ordered deported.

Back in Amberley's peaceful surroundings last week, Dwyer seemed to have lost none of her sense of humor. At a welcome home party she described one humorous incident involving the Soviet ambassador to Iran, Erik Larin, who was instrumental in gaining her release. "Just as I was leaving, he asked me what I was going to do next," she recalled with a smile. "So I said jokingly that after resting a couple of weeks I might like to go with about Guatemala. He nearly fainted." ☐

Dwyer and husband, John, at airport swept up in a web of power politics



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Sowing a seed for survival

Financial support from government comes to keep Massey-Ferguson afloat

By Gillian MacKay

For Victor Rice, it was the pervasiveness of a long benefit performance on behalf of his favorite charity, Massey-Ferguson Ltd. The president and chairman of Massey was attempting to charm from government \$200 million in guarantees for a preferred share issue, without which the rescue package he had labored un-

derstood on its debt until 1983. As crucial as this relief is to Massey's survival, however, it does not ensure it. The success of the financial package, the largest ever assembled to save a Canadian company, was due more to the remarkable salesmanship of Victor Rice than to the brilliant prospects of Massey itself. Doubts remain about Massey's competitiveness and the effectiveness of its asset management. Last

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Massey assembly line. Rice (top left), chairman, looks toward the press

expressed a wish never again to have to reduce the sight of the words "financially troubled" or "belonged" before the name of his company.

Unfortunately, it may be some time, if ever, before those doubts are eradicated. Massey lost \$900 million in the first quarter of fiscal 1983, then wiped out any chance of a profit for the year. With commodity prices weakening and interest rates still high, farmers are likely to delay purchases of farm equipment until fall, when a pickup is expected. For 1982, Massey forecasts a further opening in the farm cycle which bottoms out, financially, in 1984. Without such an improvement, Massey may still be under 20 million pumps the short haul, its greatest long-term strength will be in Europe and fast-growing Third World markets. About two-thirds of Massey's worldwide sales of \$1 billion are outside North America. But Massey must also improve its poor performance in North America, where its dealer network and product innovations have lagged far behind those of its competitors.

Rescuing Massey would be a challenge for any manager, and it was clearly too much for the debt and so companies initially interested, including Vancouver-based Vancor Forest Corporation and

Fusing Tractor & Equipment Company Ltd., both of which went to Ottawa to consider buying a stake. Ottawa Minister of Industry and Tourism Larry Greenman still holds out the possibility that an owner-manager could emerge once the company shares signs of turning around. At very least, he says, some new blood will be needed to help run the company. Ralph Burford, chairman of CFE Ltd. and a former board member of Massey, has reportedly been offered and refused the top job. Says Greenman: "Refrains are only interested if it's healthy or if it's bankrupt." At the moment, Massey is neither. And the rescue has only just begun. ☐

High hopes from cover to cover

In the ebb and flow of magazine publishing in Canada, equilibrium was temporarily restored this month with the birth of two new magazines replacing several others that have recently died. The appearance last week of *Entrepreneur* Magazine, a general-interest current affairs journal published in Ottawa, and *Trace*, a special-interest magazine about architecture published in Toronto, may serve to test current theories about trends in Canadian journalism. According to Sherid Clark, executive director of the Canadian Periodicals Publishers' Association (COPPA), the most successful Canadian magazines hebered in recent years have not been general-interest consumer magazines.

More narrowly specialty publications aimed at a surprisingly small target

Wakelid of "Trace" a novel approach



readership. They include *Barrowworld*, City Woman, *Out*, *Atlantic People* and *Canadian Lawyer*. Yet a narrow focus doesn't always work, either. Three recent magazine casualties—*The Last Word*, *Direct* and *Showering Out*—are attributed to large, yet too narrowly, the entrance of advertising revenues. One strain of magazines in Canada—“concocted simulacra” periodicals—relied entirely upon advertising revenues and distributed the magazines free to selected households, foregoing subscription revenues altogether. Most traditional magazines, such as *Maclean's* magazine, rely on subscriptions for about 40 per cent of revenues.

Entrepreneur and *Trace* have entered a market in which about 15 new magazines appear yearly—of which two-thirds fail within five years. “We’ve seen an upsurge recently,” says Clark, who is *Entrepreneur*’s editor. The 170 top magazines in the country “There seems to be much better planning going into magazines these days—both financially and editorially.” New magazines are also trying novel approaches. *Trace*, for example, took 22 months to bring together “the new generation period as an elephant,” says 28-year-old managing editor Ian Wakelid—and is registered as a charitable foundation, enabling it to solicit tax-deductible contributions from corporations.

With an editorial board including several leading Canadian architects, *Trace* may yet join the numerous if not many, in spite of a somewhat laid-back readerly audience. Even from a small improvement would push *Trace* ahead of its closest competitor in the small field of Canadian special-interest architecture magazines. “But,” says Clark, “any magazine dies from poor editorial direction as from lack of financing. Either way, it’s a shame. When a magazine goes, it takes some of our culture along with it.”

—ANTHONY WHITTINGHAM

Abitibi or not to be

The dust is not even settled on the Royal Trustee office—which was Canada's largest trust company when it sold itself from takeover by CIBC Corp. real estate development company—and now established financial circles are feeling uneasy again as Canada's largest pulp and paper producer ponders its fate as the last vestige of another real estate company on a take-over rampage. The bid by Ulysses & Roy Investments Ltd. to purchase 60 per cent of Abitibi-Price Inc. could set the stage for

another hostile take-over war as Abitibi divestees spend this week deciding whether they want out as a controlling shareholder. After the Royal Trustee debacle, Abitibi may not look to its “board” for help—but might seek a “white knight” to launch a higher, competitive bid. Rumors in this effect helped push Abitibi-Price shares above \$25 last week as the Toronto and Montreal exchanges, getting positively close to the \$20 cut had bid for 6.1 million shares. Other factors contributing to the speculation were the ascent of bank trading in Abitibi last Friday—more than 300,000 shares changed hands—and the terse comments from other Abitibi shareholders about their intentions.

Abitibi itself is hardly new to the



Abitibi will (above): Paul Melchiorer, vice president, building a monument

take-over game. Its \$200-million acquisition of the Price Company over a 22-day period in 1974 is a legend in the history of Canadian corporate maneuvering. Ulysses is a less experienced hunter but former Fiat. As a privately owned company armed with vast cash reserves, Fiat has moved quickly during the past six months to diversify into other areas—including controlling interest in Prince Ltd., a 20-per-cent share of Royal Trustee picked up during the CIBC takeover and now, perhaps, a high block of the world's largest newspaper company Paul Reichmann, OLY executive vice-president, has yet to comment on his company's plans, but he has said, gazing at the 23-story Prince Toronto Plaza, home to his company's Toronto head office, that “it is gratifying to build a monument.”

—A.W.

likely to contract for five months would fail. Still owner of success, Rice was on his way to a late-night meeting with officials in Ottawa early this month when he happened to bump against a public telephone booth—and 80 cents fell out. Says Rice: “It was precious. From that point, I knew things would go our way.”

True in prediction, the federal and Ontario governments proved as generous as the unwavering Mr. Bell. With the framework of the \$720-million refinancing in place, Massey seems to have crossed being crushed to death by its debt load—\$1.6 billion at the end of 1982. The \$720 million will help to whittle down the debt, and agreements negotiated with 300 banks around the world will mean that Massey pays no

week, as Toronto brokerage firm A.E. Arns and Company Ltd. began selling the government-backed shares to financial institutions. They took his act from the private to the public arena in an attempt to quell those doubts. As a press conference, Rice said Massey was “as competitive as hell” and that the probability that governments would ever have to reimburse shareholders is “zero.”

But the performance that had worked so well for bankers and investors had been this. Rice, himself, has just the way shuffling style of 24 years ago when then chairman Conrad Black picked him to head the Massey turnaround. Black turned over the chairmanship to Rice last fall, after giving away Angus' 28-per-cent control block

Of pincushions and the No. 5 hole

Today's goalies reflect upon Glenn Hall's name as actors do Olivier's

By Trent Prayne

No survey has been taken of the 60 goaltenders disguised as National Hockey League goaltenders this season, but chances are the post-victor relief again, Glenn Hall's name as actors do Olivier's.

The ice rinks are shooting galleries. Everybody is scoring goals. Portuguese fishermen should have nets so full! One night, Edmonton—Edmonton—but the last of Montreal's I-I, Glenn Hall's name as actors do Olivier's. The L.A. Kings' failed Detroit 11-4. They kept on, the gallant Chicago defender, was carved 13-3 by some heartless foe. There has never been such scoring. At the rate they're going, last season's record total of 4,300 will be bettered under an avalanche of 6,300. Next to extinct is the goalie who plays as many as 10 games without being dispatched from his padded cell for a little R and R. Indeed, they're failing so fast that the league decided last week to allow three goaltenders to be available for the nightly shelling—thereby recalling the incomparable Glenn Hall.

Glenn played this game for 30 pro seasons, the last 16 of 'em in the NHL. A rest after 30 games? This guy played 382 consecutive and unintermittent games in an unrelenting load of endurance until that clouds the minds of today's tottering corps. He started the season one autumn evening in 1955 in Detroit and nobody could get him out from between the pipes until a November night eight seasons later in Chicago when a bankruptcy forced him to leave his cage. It was such a terrible injury that old Glenn played in only 66 of his team's 70 games that winter and won the Vezina. Nine years ago he finally said the hell with it after 1,032 NHL games (including 115 in the playoffs). By then he was 40 and had a glowing record of 54 shutouts and six more in the playoffs.

But the rare years since Hall's retirement have produced great changes, and perhaps nothing illustrates the point more quickly than the fact that the four goaltenders picked for last week's all-star active in Los Angeles have career totals of 20 shutouts. Neither Mike Lust nor Don Baupre, the starters, owed a shutout this season (Mike got two last year) and their predecessors in L.A., Scott Podewils, Don Smith, G. Gosselin, and others about a dozen of three and six.

Blades have come hard anywhere you look just now. By the time play resumed

after the all-star business, there had been a mere 25 shutouts in 578 games (representing 1,104 opportunities since there's a goaltender at each end) and only four net goals had been scored since the endless season began way back last Oct. 9.

Several factors have turned the goalies into pincushions. For one thing, there are 21 teams, far too many for the number of seasoned players, and, accordingly, many games are shooting



orbits. And with so many teams there's small familiarity with one another's style. Tiger Williams, Vancouver's top scorer, summed it up: "When we practice, everybody plays east-west games, right? I mean, guys born in the West play guys born in the West, and we have learned, not meaning anybody, just learning up and down having fun. Look, we didn't play Calgary until Feb. 1, four months into the season. Who are those guys? We don't know them, so there's nobody to be mad at. So we go in there and it's an east-west game, right?"

Chris Bouché, a goalie in the New York Islanders, has watched the game change from his cage. "It was much easier then than now because,

then, guys hit the top of the circle with their heads down and blasted away with the slap shot. Most forwards' idea of being creative was to dump the puck in the instant they hit the red line. It was really a boring game."

But teams learned, oh, how they learned. Teaching them by terrifying example were the stars from beyond Siberia, the red-skirted Soviets who, beginning in 1972, demonstrated how the puck could be played instead of slung; the puck in and swirling hopefully after it in the wild water bag fashion, the Russians attacked in three- and four-man waves, circling and circling on an instant. They didn't shoot for the sake of shooting; they fired the puck when they had an opening, and only the player with the best vintage point whistled it.

Slowly, after years of seething, NHL coaches recognized there were virtues in the Soviet style. And now NHL teams, especially the Stanley Cup Islanders and the still audacious Canadiens, are innovative attackers. And the slapper is becoming a memory, the big slapper, anyway. It is being succeeded by a snapper, the sort of quick, wrappy sweep Mike Bossy has come along with to drive wild men wilder.

"Do you know about the five hole?" Chris Bouché asks. "The five hole?"

"Yes, the one between the ice and the goaltender's knees."

"No, that's a new one."

"When a shooter faces a goalie there are four obvious holes, the two upper corners and the two lower ones. A goaltender tries to be ready for a shot in one of these, but it's impossible to stand with your legs together and be able to look at a shot in either low corner. So you sort of stand on the inside of your skates, your knees pressed, ready to kick either way. Are you with me?"

"I think so."

"If your knees are pressed, if you're ready to go either way, then there's a slight opening developing between your ankles. That's the fifth hole, and it's the one Mike Bossy hit for his 50th goal against Ron Grahame of Quebec and his 54th against young Bouché in Montreal. I taught it to him, and the next time you hear somebody laugh, Hey, look, go ahead and laugh, listen to him, you'll know it's the fifth hole and he's not a bum so much as a victim of progress." Hall escaped just in time.



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Homage to a bold pioneer

High-rise dwellers may doubt that architects design buildings to suit people's needs. But the popularity of open spaces, sky lights, large windows, wood and brick accents marks a growing attention to human priorities. The shift began with the late Finnish architect Alvar Aalto (1898-1986),

who saw his task as "giving life a gentler structure."

To familiarize Canadians with Aalto's work, the Finnish embassy and the University of Toronto Faculty of Architecture sponsored an exhibit of his plans, studies, furniture, glassware and hardware at the Ontario Science Cen-

tre. This week the exhibit moves to Montreal's Museum of Fine Art.

Canada boasts no Aalto buildings. But his steel-louvered door handles upon the Emily Carr College of Art on Granville Island, B.C., the undulating acoustical ceiling he designed has been copied in Ottawa's National Arts Centre and his curved frame chairs have found their way into Canadian homes. His ideas are echoed in the work of his pupil, Vjatcheslav Klint, who designed the Toronto City Hall.

Aalto showed the concrete and metal of his Bauhaus contemporaries and relied instead on traditional materials, notably brick and plywood. In the 1930s, finding he could mould, bend and laminate them into sturdy shapes,



Undulating ceiling at Essen, West Germany; wood and space add warmth

he created furniture and decorative designs that marked the emergence of a distinct Scandinavian school of architecture.

Wood lent a natural air to Aalto's hundreds of schools, homes, hospitals, churches, theatres and libraries. As a result, he has often been labelled a member of the humanist school and grouped with other architects of his time—a cardinal mistake, says George Baird, editor of the architectural journal *Proctor*. "Aalto is a hard person to pigeonhole."

But however his work is defined, it offers an alternative to stark living spaces. Comments Baird: "I think Aalto's work will have more applications in the future than it has had in the past."

—CATHERINE ROSS

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JUSTICE

The red ink on the tab of the Scarlet Force

Three levels of government bicker over RCMP funding



By Robert Lewis

The negotiations are anything but subtle: the provinces, suspicious and steaming about the federal proposal, draft a rejection and put their counter-offer in the mail. Days later in Ottawa, federal officials suspect a deliberate snafu, since nobody seems to finish enough to entrust urgent communications to Canada Post. The feds dispatch their reply by Telex—but when it arrives, one of the three papers are missing.

Such incohesive talking and fudging have become the tarnished hallmark of federal-provincial dealings, and now the communications glitches and disputation have struck one of the proudest symbols of the federation—the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. The issue is not bare-bones (as usual) opening, but a \$180-million misunderstanding that has arisen out of what Ottawa wants to charge eight provinces, two territories and 294 municipalities for the privilege of the RCMP's company. At a time of acute national tension over the constitution and energy prices, the federal proposal on police contracts has enraged both West and East, outraged allies and towns

with drastic cost hikes and imperilled the very role of the Mounties as a national force.

The clash over the redonuts started last October when Ottawa proposed to increase the share of RCMP costs to the provinces from 56 to 75 per cent, and those of the municipalities from 65 to 99 per cent. (In addition 10,000 members enforcing federal laws and crime-busting from coast to coast, outside of Ontario and Quebec the RCMP has 9,800 men and women acting radar traps, investigating robberies and otherwise responding to provincial attorneys-general or municipal councils.) Under terms of a five-year contract, which expires March 31, Ottawa pays roughly \$185 million of the cost, the provinces and territories \$142 million and municipalities \$45 million. The belt constricted federal advance by Solicitor-General Robert Kaplan proposes that Ottawa pay \$85 million next year, the provinces \$224 million and the municipalities \$99 million. In sum, Ottawa proposes a shift of \$169 million from the federal tab to the two poorer levels of government; that, combined, would face increases in costs in 1984 ranging from 46 to 76 per cent above the current rates.

Kaplan concedes the proposed in-

creases are "substantial" and notes that provinces and municipalities "obviously have the option of establishing their own police or looking for some other alternative." But he argues that "working with the RCMP is a good deal, as well as a good way of having first-class police service." Kaplan's point is that all citizens don't enjoy these benefits from coast to coast. Ottawa, Quebec and thousands of communities are not patrolled by Mounties. "A national taxpayer," he told *Maclean's*, "is entitled to make sure that the groups of taxpayers receiving this benefit are paying fair value."

That, of course, isn't the whole story. It is no secret that Ottawa is reeling under angry accusations about federal profligacy and a deficit of \$13 billion. In contrast, many of the provinces that contrast for the RCMP enjoy budgetary surpluses. Ottawa is counting on popular support for the Mounties to loosen provincial purse strings—to the benefit of the federal books.

A secondary line of defence is the matter of the RCMP. In rejecting the federal proposal, the provinces counter that in an age of questionable RCMP acts—and five different inquiries on the Mounties—they need more say over the operations of the force in their provinces. Kaplan is dubious. "To be a national force," he insists, "there has to be a fair degree of centralization of operational policy and administration." National powers, he goes on, can't be eroded to the point "where I become the operator of a placement service which would not be the RCMP." The sanctimony of this argument, in short, can't have any horses unless it pays through this nose.

And the north is also flaring all over the land. Alberta Solicitor-General Graham Hertzle rails about "a massive and unwarranted increase" which could "jeopardize the continuation of the RCMP as a national police force."

Kaplan: the RCMP is a good deal, but proposed increases are "substantial"





Saskatchewan Attorney-General Roy Romanow, not only wears the RCMP to maintain a front, but stresses "it is important to maintain it as a national institution." In Ottawa, both opposition parties have joined the chorus of decriers.

Down by the docks in Burnaby, B.C., at the 300-unit job in the Admiral Hotel, Manager Vic Clarke is more concerned about law and order than federal-provincial affairs. "This is quite a rough area," he claims. "Our clientele can give us all sorts of problems." Accordingly, Clarke welcomes the routine raids by a force that usually gets its person "We'd like to see them come through here every hour, on the hour, or sooner," he says.

The million paid in just one of the many charges that the RCMP's 266-member detachment prefers in the Lower Mainland city of 160,000 and 41 other B.C. communities. There are the taxes, Gruens claims, that take up 86 per cent of Burnaby's time and provide the rationale for increasing the local tax. For Burnaby, where the estimated cost in 1980 was \$5.4 million, the new 80 per cent rate will mean an extra \$2 million in costs—or a \$30 increase per taxpayer.

Across the country, cities and towns are bogged by the proposed burden. In St. John's, which would see a 45 per cent increase and a tax increase of \$160 per household, the city is debating whether or not to create its own force. Mayor Bill Shand warns, "The province should be more responsible, since they have access to a wider tax base." Campbellton, with a population of 20,000 and 34 Mounties, is one of at least five New

RCMP patrol at the Admiral Hotel in Burnaby, B.C. (right) within Mounties (right) national facing arrests

Brunswick municipalities exploring alternate policing in the village of Hampton (population 3,000), near Saint John, N.B., the budget in November allowed \$50,000 for three Mounties. The new tab would be \$123,000—and Hampton might have to get into the provincial contract, since towns under 5,000 may not be able to hire their own Mounties.

New Brunswick Deputy Justice Minister Gordon Gregory accuses the federal government of "withdrawing from municipal policing." In fact, the department already has increased the creation of a 16-member regional force at Bedford and three adjacent municipalities, which is expected to take to the streets next Aug. 1. The province also has launched the New Brunswick Highway Patrol—dubbed "Red's Rangers," after Attorney-General Redman Lusk—whose 85 members patrol the Trans-Canada Highway, from the Quebec border to Jernigan (near Fredericton), and Dalton Camp. The opposition suspects it is the precursor of an all-provincial force.

The 167-year history of the RCMP as the region's enforcer with conflict between Ottawa and the provinces. In 1930, for example, Alberta turned down a contract because the province had doubts about Mounties and in enforcing prohibition. And now there is talk that petrodollars might buy a separate force. Since the early 1970s, Quebec, joined by Ontario, has submitted periodic and unsuccessful, claims for a federal subsidy of the provincial police. Quebec's running tab stands at \$1.5 million,

Ottawa's at \$800 million—and still, Ottawa says so. The provincial contracts are a legacy of the pacification of the West by the Royal North West Mounted Police, which became the RCMP in 1909. Although the Mounties had policed the West since 1873, Saskatchewan and Alberta became the first provinces to formalize contracts with the Royal Mounted in 1909. The force withdrew in 1904 because of the war, but returned to Saskatchewan in 1908 and to Alberta in



1902 (once the prohibition feud was resolved). That same year, Manitoba, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island adopted the Mounties. Newfoundland and British Columbia followed in 1960.

Today, the provinces are once again centering federal anxieties about the monetary value of the force to the regions. They argue that Ottawa has raised provincial costs by one per cent a year since 1960, which would have brought the cost to 45 per cent next year, instead of 75 per cent. Each side accuses the other of failing to negotiate. The provinces suspect Ottawa's departure from the old formula by interestingly introducing a new wrinkle of their own—the demand for a greater say over the national force.

Solomon-Gordon Kaplan proposes the establishment of a national police pact, with provincially appointed members, to have complaints about the Mounties. If the provinces were able to acquire more authority over Mounties in their province and Kaplan were willing to soften the financial bite, Ottawa and the regions could make a deal. All the while, the federal government will have used the emergency indirectly to gloss over one of the values of federalism—the RCMP. It's the kind of message that lets home more directly than television side of sporting Canada's game. The only dispute missing now is a war of words over the plight of the Canadian beaver.

With files from Donald Stewart, John Martin, Wayne Shaw, Dale Eales, Peter Campbell-Gardner and David Fisher

Decriminalization of Marijuana. Let's understand all of the issues before it gets carved in tablets of stone.

Sometime in 1981, the House of Commons will debate a bill which will decriminalize the possession of marijuana.

If this legislation is subsequently passed into law, the act of possessing marijuana will be changed from a crime to a simple misdemeanor.

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While the bill does not entirely legalize the act of smoking grass, the vast majority of people will interpret it as if it did.

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Let's ask ourselves and our elected representatives if we have enough facts to justify such a far-reaching move at this time.

If, in our enthusiasm for freeing young people from the stigma of a criminal record, we aren't at the same time condemning them to a self-inflicted death.

And equally to the point, if laws as they apply to cannabis should not be changed to mirror existing statutes that provide stiff penalties for carrying open bottles of liquor or beer in a motor vehicle.

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A probe of the mysteries of fallible memory

Procedural research hints that memories change with time

By Pat Oflendort

Whether people remember their first day of school as embarrassing or exciting, or last year's promotion as an honor or an unkind look upstairs, they tend to trust that the "true memories" can be summoned with honest self-scrutiny. Psychologists have thought so, earning their fees by helping patients uncover the memories of repressed sexual incidents in their early lives. Most psychologists have concurred, assuming that, like data in a computer or beads on a library shelf, memories are in "permanent storage."

Now, however, University of Washington psychologist Elizabeth Loftus considers that memories can change, sometimes so radically that they engender memory "disruption." Irreversible transformations of memory could occur

in session, just as intelligible become baffling and chaos turns to mold. If she's right, attempting to dredge up the absolute truth from our personal pasts may be futile.

By exposing her test subjects to leading questions, conversations and misleading photographs after they had witnessed a simulated accident, Loftus found that their original perceptions could often be wiped out, replaced by a composite of fact and fiction. A minor collision (see illustration) followed by an experimenter's leading question one week later ("About how fast were the cars going when they smashed into each other?") led many test subjects to "remember" high speeds and shattered glass. Psychological and even financial rewards failed to recover the original perceptions, which the subjects had described immediately after the event. The results of Loftus' own experiments,



Kinbourne: supporting Freud's theory

combined with descriptions of many court cases that relied heavily on fallible human memory, have given *Elizabeth Loftus* (1978) far-reaching legal implications.

In her latest book, *Memory*, Loftus moves outside the courtroom to question the persistence of memory in general. We remember in bits and pieces, Loftus believes, and fill in the gaps with



Loftus: memory as fact plus fiction

whatever seems logical something to use our biases. "Memory seems to shift in a prestige-enhancing direction," she says.

"We remember that we gave more to charity, or that in a great venture we contributed more than our partners did." Once the distorted recollection has taken hold, there may be no recovering original impressions. "I think of memory," explains Loftus, "as someone sitting down at a computer terminal, pulling up a memory file, editing it, putting the updated memory into the computer and throwing the old one away."

While many psychologists may be scandalized by the suggestion that memories undergo genetic transformations, Stanford neuropsychologist Karl Pribram expresses sympathy for Loftus' position. "In the brain there may be something analogous to silver grains on a film, where photoreceptors are stored—probably protein molecules distributed on the surfaces of neurons (brain cells). The brain, like the rest of the body, is dynamic. Within about a month there's a complete turnover of proteins. If our memories are operating on or during that month, the reshaping of the molecules may be somewhat different. You see," concludes Pribram, a former brain surgeon, "you're not really the same person you were 30 years ago. You just think you are."

"That's simply not true," counters Boston neuropsychologist Marcel Kinbourne (formerly of the University of Toronto), who, with Pribram, is credited with narrowing the gap between psychology and neurology. "The fact that there's a dynamic turnover of proteins tells you nothing about any psychological theory." While Kinbourne does not question Loftus' observations ("It's obvious that we remember selectively"), he feels that Freud's explanation



Tulving: research provides no answers

is more reasonable: the original event we have trouble recalling has not been lost, but rather buried by an interpretation we want or need to believe.

Kinbourne, a former neurologist, describes the brain as a network of neurons that fire in a particular pattern in response to an experience. "When we experience something, some of these



Event (above) altered by memory (below)



neurons fire in a particular pattern. Memory is re-experiencing; it's simply the reconstruction of that same pattern of neurons that occurred in the first place." In his view, distortions in memory result from the reactivation of a similar neuronal pattern that is more powerful, emotionally, and the proper one will restore the original memory.

"Let's say that I'm telling you how fantastic I was at sports when I was 11. I could really impress you. However, if you happened to know the real event and asked me, 'But what about that time'—then presto—the supposedly changed memory would reassert itself."

"I'd be interested to know," he adds, "whether the memory distortions of both Loftus' subjects could survive hypnosis regression." That seeming to Loftus, hypnosis in part is apt to evoke skewed or even fabricated memories as a fully conscious search.

Critical as it may be to the law and to psychoanalysis, the question of the persistence or malleability of memories may never be resolved. For, if the "true memory" fails to emerge after an experimenter has tried every conceivable means to unearth it, then, as Loftus says, "the critics would still argue that we had simply not gone far enough." On the other hand, if the original memory did disappear, the critics could conclude, in Kinbourne's words, "Well, gee, the distorting influence just wasn't powerful enough."

It's all a matter of belief, according to well-known memory psychologist Endel Tulving of the University of Toronto. "Since we do not yet know how to determine whether memory traces are changed beyond recovery or whether they remain intact, I'm willing to remain agnostic."

What Tulving, among others, finds encouraging about Loftus' work is its bent toward real-life problems. Traditionally, psychologists have studied memory in controlled laboratory experiments of the minutiae—these numbers—various, such as priming, according to Import Peter Salas, who studies memory structures for language, civil so light on "the sorts of things people do every day—like, when you hear music sharply out of a record store, suddenly remembering the fragments of the perfume you were wearing 15 years ago when you first heard that song."

Salas, who left the University of Toronto for the University of North Florida last year, studies such as Loftus' in his research lab. He has questions to ask better questions. And better questions are needed, he says, because "Tape it, we still know very little about what goes on inside those four pounds of fat and water that sack of us carries around in our heads." □

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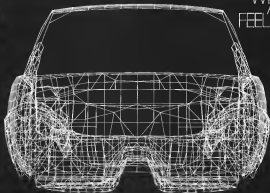
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LAW

Tracing the escape routes of errant spouses

The knotty problem of collecting maintenance payments

By Ann Walmsley

The 34-year-old East Indian woman was the victim of an unhappy "arranged" marriage her husband was irresponsible, but divorce was only the beginning of her problems. A 1995 Supreme Court maintenance order required \$450 a month in payment from the husband, but by the fall of 1996, \$24,000 in arrears had accumulated. The last time she had seen her husband was on a subway in Toronto

members of women on welfare rolls, has prompted several provinces to implement locate services. Most say the statistics were the persuading factor. In 1996, the Law Reform Commission of Canada found that 70 per cent of all maintenance orders made in Canada were allowed to fall into arrears at one stage or another, and according to one Ontario court unimpeachable husband account for about one-third of those arrears.

Traditionally, court officials and so-



Daniel Dewit, Keweenaw court order doesn't guarantee money will be paid



four years ago. "He proved to be too slow," she says. "He sold his property and got lost." What the woman didn't realize until three months ago was that enforcement officers could try locating the errant spouse for her.

The case was, she admits, "a problem of ignorance. I didn't know where to go." But other women (and some men for that matter) whose spouses have defamed spend thousands of dollars on private investigators and lawyers trying to find them. In most provinces, only welfare recipients are eligible for government assistance in tracing their husbands.

Very simply, a pronouncement from the court that maintenance payments are due does not guarantee that the money will be paid. The provinces are learning what banks have known for years: that skip tracing is a crucial service. The cost benefit, to say nothing of the political wisdom of reducing the

social service enforcement officers have assisted locally to find the absconding spouse. That tracing is not always within the ken of the average enforcement officer. After a married couple's home search and a few phone calls, he or she may give up. Carl Dewit, supervisor of enforcement at the Toronto Jarvis Street court, says "Part of the problem is that people see the court as a real tracing agency and they leave everything up to us. But we just don't have the facilities." Even in Manitoba, a highly progressive computerized system that automatically enforces all orders relies on the knowledge of the man's whereabouts.

Now Alberta and Quebec—formerly havens for runaway spouses—are facing the problem. Quebec has earmarked \$1.2 million for operating an enforcement service in 16 locations as an expansion of its existing debt-tracing facility. The new province, which has

been in effect since Jan. 1, makes both welfare and non-welfare recipients eligible, and the collectors of support payments have a mandate to trace in the best of their ability within the province.

The prosperity of Alberta has made it easy for spouses to start a new life away from old responsibilities. As a result, the province has sought an even more effective route than Quebec by hiring a private skip-tracing agency, Kaplana. For the past three months, the Alberta ministry of social services has formed out over 100 default judgments to the firm. Bernard Krevick, director of social services, says his first impression is that it's working well. "They're able to locate relatively easily about 70 per cent of the names we refer." K.C. is experiencing similar success with its in-house tracing unit.

Admittedly, fugitive husbands may, however, simply relocate once they have been found and the process may begin again. "It's fairly easy to make yourself scarce," admits Joan Kelly, supervisor of court counselling at the Toronto Jarvis Street court. "And sometimes the system makes them have to go. It may be that she left him and got custody."

The question all the provinces will eventually have to face is whether or not the husband's moral obligation to his family exceeds his right to confidentiality. "I think the idea is to develop some kind of balance between the two," says Holly Harris, an adviser to the federal department of justice. "You have to make sure that support payments are enforced, but the protection of the individual also must be ensured. But don't hold your breath waiting for early legislation."

Diamond: "The most serious problem affecting the country is family law"



Manitoba is the only province in Canada actively demanding disclosure of federal records for tracing purposes, though Ontario enforcement officers are looking on longingly. Manitoba and Ontario now have reform legislation in place which allows them to force certain provincial government departments to release information, but even that address information may not be as current as 1970 records. "We feel interprovincial enforcement is the most serious problem affecting the country in family law," says Kathy Thompson, a Manitoba family law expert. "Debating mainte-

nance payments are on the increase and so is kidnapping."

Whether it's the dilemma of big government or administrative awkwardness that is scuttling off the job, the increasing interprovincial mobility of Canadian adults agency to the issue. Too many women give up and join the welfare ranks. And the fact that the federal government shares the cost for welfare yet won't release records in the final Catch-22. Says John Bell, co-ordinator of the parental support program for Ontario: "It's like looking Prior to pay Phil." <



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A public withdrawal into the private

Private schools report record enrollments and applications



By Judith Kneiman

Two years ago, Scott Williamson, then 13, failed Grade 9 at a public school in Thunderbolt, N.S. His attitude was poor and he was depressed most of the time, his mother, Joan, recalls. So she enrolled him in King's College, a private school in Windsor, N.S. "I was fed up," she says. "Scott was just too bright a kid to let go down the drain." Once at King's College, he completed Grades 9 and 10 in one year. Scott's achievement only confirmed his mother's suspicions. "I feel deeply that there's something wrong with the public school system."

Now more than ever, parents, like William, are looking to private schools—steeped in the British tradition—to provide the basic education they feel their children need to survive in a time of economic uncertainty. The numbers prove the point: in the past decade, private school enrollment jumped from 100,000 to 120,000, an increase of 20 percent. Says University of Toronto Professor Robert Logan, "These are the younger siblings of the kids who did their thing in the '80s and have a little money to spare and are now going. In this economic crunch, we can't afford the kind of luxury we had back then."

One of the best indicators of the trend is the fact that private schools across Canada are being pressed to expand while public schools invent uses for their empty classrooms. Jake Schaftter,



Land Academy students (top); Williams-son, the loss of scholarly support

headmaster of St. Michael's University School in Victoria, B.C., says that applications "have gone from a trickle to a flood in the last three years." Well-established schools such as Upper Canada College in Toronto, St. John's-Rumsey in Winnipeg and Strathrover-Tweedsmuir in Calgary also report a record number of applications. Since these traditional private schools are small—many of them average no more than 100 students—they are unable to accept all the students who apply. Currently, new institutions are being built and pre-existing ones expanded. Three-year-old Robert Law Academy in Wellandport, Ont., last year added a new

wing to make room for another 40 students.

To the educators in charge of these schools, it is evident that parents want stronger regimens so that their children will be forced to improve their academic skills. "The second thing on parents' minds after a good education," says Scott Newman, headmaster of Robert Land Academy, "is strong discipline." Adlai Reedford Alliman Hag, headmaster of Ontario's Greenville Christian College in Brockville, "Permissiveness has not produced good results. We firmly believe in discipline." As Guelphite, Ont., paragonist Murray G. Givner points out, it is as undeniable that parents want their children to learn to value the academic, behavioral, and moral values that schools teach. "Parents recognize that rebellion against authority doesn't work."

The private schools that stress discipline to authority are the more conservative institutions with religious or militaristic overtones. At Robert Land Academy, for example, students are required to wear surplus army uniforms and to undergo daily inspections. Hasty Burger is the parent whose ten-year-old son, David, had responded well to the academy's methodology. After having been at the bottom of his class in a Texas public school two years ago, he achieved the highest grade point average at the academy last June. "Now," his mother says, "he loves hard work."

Scholarship success is precisely what lures many parents who are hard-pressed to raise the average \$5,000 to \$10,000 in tuition fees into enrolling their children in these schools. William, a single mother and nurse, says she was told that about half her salary is sent her son, Scott, to King's College. Says she, "It's the best money I've ever spent." But her sacrifice is not so extraordinary. "We know one family," says Hagg, "who sold the house in order to send the two children to Greenville." The rationale behind these self-imposed financial hardships, as St. Michael's Schaffer explains, is that parents view the investment as their children's "education." Education, he says, is being divided 50 years from now.

In the future, the demand for the structured approach to schooling will increase, predicts University of Toronto's Logan, then hedges out as the rigidity becomes too great. "What is needed is the present high-technology age in flexibility, not rigidity." But Bernard Shapiro, director of the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education, interprets the trend differently. "What we're seeing now, when economic resources become constrained, is a move on accountability and evaluation, and that's going to be very healthy for education."

BOOKS

Fiction from coast to coast

Short takes on a fresh Canadian crop

PAT WOMAN

Day-Lewis, Stephen

Others, \$15.95 hard-cover,
\$7.95 paperback

Elita Mae Hopkins, the generous heart of Leon Kaskin's excellent *Heart of a Dog*, is not simply Robert Capa's "fat, enormously fat" fat woman that she means to even not to hide her prototypically swivel left hand, where her wedding band has buried irretrievably in flesh. But this doesn't slow Elita Mae, she can always eat with the other hand.

But she wouldn't be caught dead dressed in cowboy boots and putting down green stoneware like her noisy neighbor Edna and her dog.

Food is Ellis Mac's life. Back in the 1950s, she and her husband, a doctor, and her two sons used to eat at a restaurant and try to be bearlike in a restaurant, but repeating stories who hears loud and clear the Lord's decree, "Gluttony, thy name is Hopkin." Whether or not the Lord can save Ellis Mac, Edward is determined to try. Anne skinks and wiggles in the seat, and on me, Ellis Mac. I'd sooner walk on hot coals in my birthday suit as have to jerk you up," Edward is a lightning stroke of comic genius. And his ruminations place to end his wife's endless

Koonce's greatest accomplishment in our class comes from *Little Blue*. We live right down inside all that fat. We feel every stab of hunger and guilt, taste each crumb of candy—and we laugh. But for all its humor, *Fat Women* is ultimately a serious, even a religious, book. With building intensity, we realize that the unlikely fat woman is, after her fashion, a visionary. She usually sees her husband transformed into "the Son of God walking the Mean water of the sky" and later does battle with a satanic vision of the greedy stomach.

output. And when it comes to values,



Vingo (above); Wooka; Thompson: a raucous world of love, a victory glider, a motel room with a beautiful wife



Ella Mae must contend with God's trumpeting proclamation, "I ought to speak with what I knew in the beginning was established first: forget the Halleluiah and stick with the Heavens." In the final scene, apparently betrayed by both God and Edward, she begins her greatest struggle: "We never know how that turns out, but we're rooting for her, confident that Ella Mae Hapkins is, in more ways than weight, a very large woman."

SHAKING UP
by Kent Thompson
(Oberon, \$16.95 hard-cover,
\$7.95 paperback)

Schooling tip: By New Brunswick author Kent Thompson, as a husband and little tale Ellen, a shapely, well-mannered typist, meets Dennis, the local football hero, in a restaurant in the midst of a torrential downpour: "He thinks she's separated, she thinks he's divorced [and] because they're both married! Legs touch under the table and they're off and running. Within minutes they have tumbled into a five-day binge of sex and fast food at the RedWine Motel."

The whole story unfolds from Ellen's point of view. She immediately adores Dennis' body and assumes that muscles make the man. She fantasizes the whole time in a 19-11 hole of infatuation, while Dennis, clearly attracted to this latest lady, makes brags out for Hugh Masek, ball games and the occasional visit to wife and son. But Ellen's husband never gets so much as a phone call, and by the second night the police are flashing her photo across front pages and television screens. "I've always hated that picture," she said. "I was my husband's petform, for God's will."

Because it's hard to nourish a novel on just sex and hamburgers, Thucydides has given Ellen her bread with daydreams and flashbacks. In fact, so much of the story includes mother (not sure), mother-in-law (none) and husband (a wimp compared with Demos and only a second-string ballplayer) that the motel room begins to seem like the epicenter for the novel's action. *Miss Lonelyhearts* by

coffer novel and short stories, Thompson writes neatly and smoothly (sometimes too smoothly—it just glides by), but all his deft touches can't save the book from Eiler's dim mentality. In attempting to write about ordinary people, Thompson has risen to the surface of their lives rather than diving deep inside. If only he had been able to make us crawl inside Eiler's skin, then perhaps her continual I-love-you would have triggered belief in a genuine psychological plight. As it is, they plink down like one-liners from the soap.

WHITE LIES AND OTHER FICTIONS
by Seth Vargo
(Black Editions/Penguin, \$1.95)

Bombin, the first story in Seth Vargo's first collection, transmits his quality Malcom, a young British soldier, moves stealthily with his comrades through the Malayan jungle, hunting the Chinese "bandit"—really revolutionaries who wear the red star on their caps. The undergrowth is so thick as a hedge, the heat and mud coalesce in a heavy fabric of weariness. The air reeks of danger. Brilliantly, Vargo shows the fragility—and comedy—of the rigid social structure: first, orders the troop. The deaths that crown the story are as poignant as they are sudden. For Vargo, justice much lies in the world



Kelly: adopting ugliness as an emblem

he creates and to leave it is always tragic.

Born in Malta, Vargo has written poetry for some years on the British Columbia coast, and he brings the metropolitan richness of poetry to his prose. In a later story we watch Malcom return to his native English countryside, disoriented with an uncomfortable (and sadly unfathomable) attention to detail reminiscent of the early D.H. Lawrence. His handling of the early is almost as good. With "murder," however, any look of love with a darkness that gives him food, the city, viewed with a watch-protector. Their glancing love is con-

sumed only in fantasy but one so fingering, so vivid, it is in some ways better than the real thing.

The last four stories are set on the B.C. coast, where the lush forests and mystical beauty of the oldest inhabitants are in continual retreat before the chain-saw mindlessness of the white man. The title story tells of a gifted Indian boy grimly resisting the propaganda of his missionary guardians. But although cultural imperialism—and its accompanying self-delusions—are important themes of the book, the use of *White Lies* as an overall title suggests a cynicism that is not really predominant. No matter how bleak his insights, Vargo bestows such radiance on his subjects that they stand far beyond the kangaroo court of literary marching.

THE MORE LOVING ONE
by M.T. Kelly
(Black Moon/Penguin, \$1.95)

The great strength of the young Toronto novelist M.T. Kelly is his honesty. That as one of his characters remarks, honesty is a destructive game. It has an alarming instinct for the stain on the wallpaper, the hidden snail on the green wall, that he will not be forgiven such in the north. *The More Loving One*, and in the three short stories appended to it, strip away layer



Akerman: history shared with soulmates

after layer of pretension and error. But, like, there is no island of the blessed, no small mirages at the center. Only the leader men of defeat and sometimes the tiny makeshift islands of courage and tenderness.

The More Loving One chronicles a marriage breaking, an event that's becoming nearly as popular as divorce in its life. John, a university professor and would-be playwright, leaves his wife and children for Anna, a teacher sharing a dim, cramped house with her immigrant parents. He is driven—for the most part convincingly—by a passion for freedom from a love suffocated by pity and habit. But the idea of Anna as the Great Alternative collapses when, on returning from a date, she and John are confronted by her mother appearing behind the curtains. "Implacable, dark, one peering Cyclops eye." In a terrifyingly wonderful scene, the passive Anna is dragged back into the dark cave of her parents' lives and John begins his slow descent into the vortex of his isolation. What use is freedom if there's no one to share it with?

The short story *Eileen* depicts some welcome humor into Kelly's vision. But with *Grief and Dying I Have Found Must/ra You*, we are back with couples whose fusion is tragic because one person is far ahead of the other in imagination and understanding. Their disparate taken ugliness as its emblem. Kelly's perception being to that class which dips is unwanted, and which we do our best to ignore. His insistence on them can be disturbing, but it is something tougher readers will be thankful for.

BLACK AROUND THE EYES
by Jeremy Akerman
(McTuland & Stewart, \$1.95)

Jeremy Akerman owes by his passion for the Cape Breton emigrating community, honestly he represented them for years as the leader of the Nova Scotia New Democratic Party. The hero of his first novel



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In Donnie Ross, a hard-boned retired miner who must decide whether to remain in his native village or end his days with his achingly excited daughter among the concrete towers and bold peaks of suburban Toronto. The novel is mostly a hard reminiscence of his lonely, radicalized life, centering on the great miners' strike of 1926. As popular anthropology Akerman's look is fascinating stuff. The Cape Breton miners endured a form of company rule worthy of 18th America, if not done hadn't killed their lungs by 40, they owed their souls to the company store. Private scenes of gossip ride down their union meetings—staggering with malnutrition, they must have been hard put to resist. Indeed their women sometimes did their fighting for them. One group attacked a hated company official, his body was found stuffed in a drain, "clowed and bitten from head to foot."

The gutsy courage and drunken party that could weather all this certainly deserves some mention. But Donnie Ross, as Akerman writes him, is not the man to honor. He is little more than a soap opera cliché: a cantankerous, sentimental old fool who equates mischief with 'fightin' and drinkin' and shows' short that who (blame him) can wipe away a tear at the memory of warm bread from grandma's oven or a truly sadistic affair of his youth. The tedious recollections of his private life act like sugar poured into a running engine. Akerman should have stuck with the history that so obviously moves him.

—CATHERINE BLOOMER, JOHN BROWNE

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

- 1 *The Covenant, Maclean (1)*
- 2 *The Key to Rebecca, Pollock (2)*
- 3 *Firestarter, King (3)*
- 4 *The Ghosts of Alaska, Armstrong (2)*
- 5 *Edge of Angels, Shellen (3)*
- 6 *Atollmania, MacLean (1)*
- 7 *Come Flyer the Wife, Freeman (16)*
- 8 *Notes in Time, MacLean (3)*
- 9 *Unfinished Tales, Tolkien (3)*
- 10 *Earthly Powers, Burgess (3)*

Nonfiction

- 1 *The Northern Plains, Guynn (1)*
- 2 *Crisis Inventing, Cooney (2)*
- 3 *The Chinese, Fraser (2)*
- 4 *Common, Cooney (2)*
- 5 *The New Canadiana: A Tax and Investment Guide, Zins (1)*
- 6 *The Invasion of Canada, 1913-1914, Jordan (2)*
- 7 *The Montreal Canadiens, Winston (2)*
- 8 *The Little Inventors, Russell (2)*
- 9 *The Connaught Carriage Company, Smith (1)*
- 10 *In Search of Man Alive, Ross (1)*

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Ideals boiled in vitriol

In some ways Nathan Cohen's spirit does live on



Kathy Michael (left), Peter John (center), Cohen's three faces—Douglas Campbell, Mike Potter, the real one, who's kicking whom?

The power of theatre critics who write for powerful newspapers is legendary—Broadway has been littered with one-night stands snuffed by a Clive Barnes notice in *The New York Times*. In Toronto the role of drama watchdog has traditionally fallen to the critics for *The Toronto Star*; one of them are themselves the subjects of new plays, *Nathan Cohen*. A *Review* by Rick Salutin and Carol Bolt's *Escape Entertainment* in which one character rebukes the paganism of the Toronto *Star*'s current theatre critic, Gina Mallet, Salutin and Bolt explore the role of these critics not just in their relationships with theatre or film but as architects of Canada's cultural asperities. Cohen, who died in 1971, was an assiduous intellectual and pugnacious media personality. He was also a socialist visionary crusading for an indigenous Canadian culture. "We will not get a national culture," he wrote, "until we develop artists with a clear, significant vision of Canada and Canadians. We Cohen wanted his theatre audiences to be critical and discriminating too, but *A Review* concludes that they defeated him—he ended up in the traditional role of belling audiences what they ought to be. If Salutin has hopes for a truly national theatre, Cohen's high professional standards prevented him from denigrating and controversial reviews of what he considered mediocre Canadian plays. Mallet, writing during and after a decade that witnessed explosive growth in Canadian theatre, cannot just so much controversy, but her cultural



Mallet's recurrent theme is the necessity for contemporary theatre to respond to the immediate needs of its audience. "It's got to strike a popular chord as it's not theatre," she says. Mallet is a champion of commercial theatre, claiming that if the country's non-profit theatres were forced to pay more attention to the bottom line they would not produce plays that, in her opinion, are too often unformed, unpolished and "just one endless moral experiment written for a limited circle of people." Mallet also mentioned the denial of a work permit for British director John Dexter to head the Stratford Festival as an act of nationalistic hysteria. Her reporting on such matters has led even sympathizers such as Graham Harvey, artistic director of Toronto's Phoenix Theatre, to comment, "Gina's greatest passion stems from her political beliefs—but she writes enthusiastically, driving prose and people love to talk about her."

Others are not so sanguine, including Bolt, who admits to having been "naïve enough to hope that Gina might have

as expressed in *Escape Entertainment*. Mallet ungraciously declined, left at intermission and boiled the show in retort. "Gina is intelligent and a lot of what she says about our plays is true, but we never get constructive criticism from her," says Bill Glasco, artistic director of Tarragon Theatre where *Escape* was mounted (who also supported an attempt in 1976 by several Toronto alternate theatres to ban Mallet from). "Her attacks on successful theatre have made it very hard for Canadian writers to be heard. We've had enough of rolling over and saying 'Kick me again!'" Henceforth, Tarragon's policy will be to not invite any *Star* reviewers to its plays since Glasco feels the paper should be held partially responsible for what he sees as Mallet's destructive at-



titudes and factual inaccuracies. He may have a point. During the *Stratford* after corrections of factual errors dated the paper's entertainment pages, among them a government apology to Canada. Council Chairman Mavor Mason for Mallet's statement that he was ever fired from *Stratford*.

Not surprisingly, Mallet panned the Theatre Passe Muraille production of *Nathan Cohen*. *A Review*, so did Toronto's two other dailies (they also fanned *Escape*'s Latest, surprised at all this in author Salutin, who says, "Theatre is the art form closest to the political realities of society. The Toronto critics stand up for the values of our society to they can't accept that a man like Cohen could be passionate about his hopes and dreams—according to them you have to get into the boulder in order to present the true picture of a man." Mallet herself remains unrepentant. "Haven't we got to start saying to people that the way we live isn't spiritual?" she asks. "Life is a battle—don't go to war unless you're winning anyway." The tone, if not the spirit, of Cohen's legacy lives on.

—Linda Greenblatt

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On the edge each and every night

'Dallas' has spawned several clones and melodrama now rules the prime-time access

By Bill MacVicar

For more than 25 years soap operas, those gloriously pre-fabricated melodramas related as a cheap way to sell detergent to stay-at-home housewives, have generally been damned as breathless camp—television at its weak bottom. In fact, the soaps had been such an obvious place for so long that the two weeks apiece that appeared in the '70s—*Mary Hartman Mary Hartman* and *Soap*—in which the beleaguered principals dealt doggedly with mass murder, AIDS and impotence



were thought to have been the last word on the subject.

But in the sultry summer of 1980 all that changed as most of the world went for television pondered the identity of the would-be assassin of a fictional Texas oilman. J.R. Ewing's fiercest under-the-temperament but covered from magazine covers and London taxi conversations had a field day giving advice on various subjects, including J.R.'s own mother, for the Ewings of Dallas are the most beautiful sort of expert since the House of Atreus was skewered into its bloody popularity. But the night of the revolution, drawing one of the largest television audiences ever, proved to be oddly anticlimactic. The culprits, Kristin, did not linger around to await J.R.'s disheveled revenge. Instead she was turned out to *Roads Leading*, a film spin-off, the first of many clones and imitations trying to hit the same pay dirt as the original. By early 1981, with the premiere of *Flamingo Road*, *Dy-*

nasty and *Secrets of Midland Heights*, it was clear that the soaps had gone prime time.

CBC's Director of Television Programming Jack Crane confirms the popularity of the phenomenon, explaining: "Suddenly, advertisers woke up to the fact that the afternoon serial aimed at women weren't finding an audience. Many of those women were now out working in the daytime. So shared producers took elements of *The Edge of Night*, speeded up the action, added substantially better production values and put them on its the evening." Consequently,



Larry Hagman and Linda Gray of 'Dallas' (above) Mark Harmon and Morgan Fairchild of 'Flamingo Road' were out and

quently, men are hooked as well as women. Texans who wouldn't admit to watching Dallas as if it were a hit in England now claim parties around the television set, the men pointed up in Stinson for a chic giggle.

The soaps cash in on the unique resources of the television medium, the same ones already well-utilized by the mini-dramas of the '70s such as *Park Men*, *Power Moves* and *The Foreigner*. Since New York critic Benita Adler admits to getting hooked on *Another World* while suffering from the flu in a Los Angeles hotel room, and 24 years later "being ridden by the event for weeks" when a principal character died. "The soap series ran along beside life five days out of seven," she explained. "I saw the characters more often than my friends." "The continuity of charac-

ters on television has few other precedents, liberating from the format of a two-hour movie or a 30-hour novel, a Mary Richards or a J.R. Ewing can develop over the course of years. But while some it was sufficient device to watch Rhonda Margerita die down, more from Minneapolis to Manhattan, marry and divorce, viewers in the 1980s lay for greater events.

The particular thrill of the evening soaps is that conventional heartache has been supplanted by the *thriller*—thriller, thriller, thriller. In *Dynasty*, the newest, biggest competitor for Dallas' fans, the situations are shambles, in apathy. The widowed oil dynast has taken as his young wife the former mistress of a troubled holder who works at a rival's rig. Also at the rig is the dynast's son, who seems to be seeking solace from the breaking of a homosexual liaison in the arms of the trouble-shooter's wife. The once-subtle process of the melodrama, the triangle, is obsolete. The evening soaps require tragedies, parallelisms, tetrahedrons. Audiences, scrambling to save for a handful of gasoline, take vicarious pleasure in the woes of the filthy-rich oil barons of Dallas and Dynasty, and



plan their March marriages in the *Flamingo Road*, where sultry Florida-Gulf atmosphere is moved to scorching by the voices of its ready and naive inhabitants.

San Belt locales may help the ratings, but power and money seem to guarantee them. The CBC's 1980 mini-series into the territory. *The Aberrant*, described by network Vice-President Peter Herndl as "a cross between Dallas and Dynasty," garnered respectable ratings. But *Midland Heights*, the entry

in the soapstakes that peeked into the sun trees, to the exclusion of just about everything else, of its young and unfortunately cast-in-rock melodrama, has been caused already. It seems that for the moment, if not for the '90s, audiences want their romance tawdry, their plots primal, and their characters powerful, obscenely wealthy and drawn in primary colors.

The closet door nailed shut

RUNNING MAN
CBC, Feb. 22

The CBC's *For the Record* series of hour-long dramas picks itself on the topicality of its themes. Sometimes it errs, as with the double-weight *Smoked*, whose relevance must have been lost on anyone coping with the real burdens of old age. But in *Running Man*, newswriter's has been vividly and ostensibly acquired, with the real-life drama which resulted in 286 arrests.

Drama about victimized homosexuals all around periodically. The ingredients vary (blackmail, bigotry, suicide) but the story is basically the same,



Shamata dental cysts about to explode

Blazing on one assumption: to be found out is the end of the world. It's a story that seemed long overdue for melodrama. Just a month ago the fears and tactics that animate *Running Man* might have been thought too dated, too melodramatic. Finally, they are not.

Ben (Charles Scharat) is a married high school teacher in a small town who loves a Dr. Jekyll-Mr. Hyde existence which he refuses to admit even to himself. He feeds his masochism, with, given out to the barons of his attractive night school teacher. He slouches

against walls with a cigarette, that emblem of self-hatred, willing to be picked up by men. Gals-riders, he derives the truth: "I've got kids—I'm not gay," he tells a new male acquaintance he has just slept with. Shamata plays Ben with a cold quiet and violent guardedness that suggests a dental system about to explode.

Explosive it does, through a convergence of plot devices which, while pushing credibility to the breaking point, keep the tension high. One of Ben's students, troubled about his own homosexual inclinations, seeks to exorcise himself but Ben rebuffs him, the student runs outside. The school principal confronts Ben with an anonymous letter saying he has been seen in gay bars. His wife, Liz (Barbara Gordon), searching for suspected love letters, goes open a desk drawer and finds Ben's cache of bookish magazines. Facing dismissal and the breakup of his marriage, Ben must choose whether to flee or fight.

Running Man's two-hour plot keeps pushing the characters along, rather than leaving them to more plausible resolutions, but the characters are admirably free of stereotypes. It is all too unfortunate that the melodramatic predictability of the plot, as actual names and lives are put on the line to satisfy producers, has been legitimized by recent events.

—J.M.

Opening Night Magic Flute



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Shall they join the ladies?

Too many Tory males and only one mother west of the Lakehead

By Allan Fotheringham

If you really wish to know the state of the House of Commons in relation to the real world, MP Pat Carney is the only member west of the Lakehead. That is the best indication of all of the non-representative, isolated male ghetto of the institution that rules us. If you really wish to understand why the Progressive Conservative Party lives on long in opposition—and often seems as content to stay there—it's because only

one-member government. In the first 50 years since women were given the vote, some 6,942 people were elected in federal and provincial elections in this country. Just 81 of them were women. The number of women being persuaded to run is now going up—131 in the 1974 election, 196 in 1978, 217 in 1980—but it doesn't seem to matter much. The figures show that, over time, 2.6 per cent of the candidates have been women, less than one per cent of them were elected. The Liberals, to show their great toler-

ant what to do with them. The Tories in the Commons are largely of another era, another space. Women are slow in 1980 and striding out of cigarette ads. These Tories are not really of 1981 and there's still a dribble of tobacco juice oozing from its collective nose.

Listen to Quinlan Period. The Tory back benches bristle with outrage at senior leaders and petty grievances. There is an over-all cast of grey and blue to the muzzles of portly old-fashionists, sprinkled occasionally by a

necktie that was purchased in the wallpaper department. It is a measure of Joe Clark's mentoring perils with the leadership versus demands coming from next week's Conservative convention that he has not been able to change the character of this comfortable, phlegmatic, out-of-date muzz (Poor Joe, afflicted with political interruption, did have Jean Scott, the God-mother of the party, at work devising a recruiting plan for women, but that ended when her leader tripped and fell on his sword.) Joe Clark, who is so young but seems so old, is two elections has not been able to attract the younger, vigorous types who now dominate the mixtures and matter ineffectually below the salt at the arrogant Liberal table.

With the exception of Toronto's David Creighton, the Tories do not have a single new face from the large cities of Canada who could be regarded as a modern man with modern concepts and a style that fits a changing world. A changing world involves those inconceivable animals called females and what, if a party wishes to reflect society at large and thus gain power, must somehow be solved into the system. The Tories, flailing away at the supreme hubris of a prime minister who indolently be string doesn't give a damn about the servitudes of those opposite to him, claim that all their problems are due to the maverick manners of the party that leads it over them. That's not the essential problem. It is that the Tories, wallowing in self-pity, are not a modern party. One member west of the Lakehead proves that.



Canada, in its wedding struggle from a rural harem-of-wood country to an urban, groovy-of-Power state, is unconsciously bristling in its attitude toward women as equals, let alone governors. As late as 1968—the year when the dream of Canada had moved north and all heady Western men and women, exactly as women, Grand Maclean, was elected to the House of Commons. The descendant of the great pioneering (C/F) family would Canadian voters could master to prove that a new day was dawning. Between 1951 and 1968, through 16 elections, Canadian voters sent just 68 women to Ottawa. Wars come and women can work in the factories but the political institutions, run by men, won't let them into the wars of politics.

One only has to gaze down from the press gallery at an assembly that rules and the collected, closed minds of most males in the Commons to appreciate how successful the masculine clique has been in preserving for itself the gate for grown-ups that is known as debate. *Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for Southern News.*



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